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THE HOME MISSIONARY

Volume XXXI

Number 10

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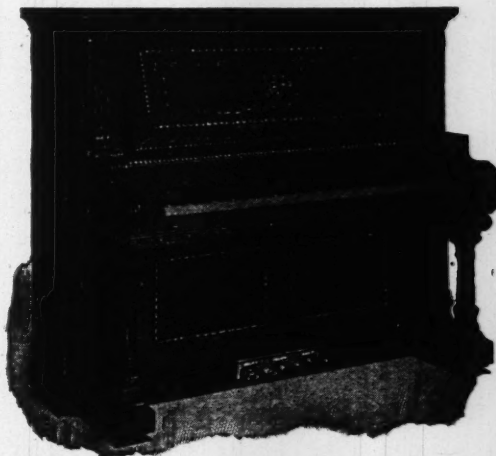
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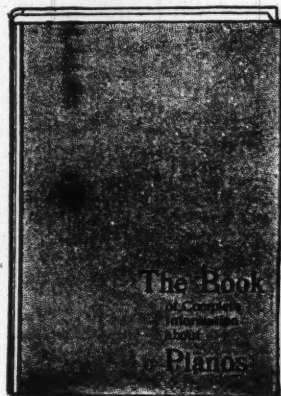
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THE HOME MISSIONARY

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of the Society in considerable numbers, continue acting upon the suggestion contained in the April HOME MISSIONARY.

Only one protest has been received among many warm letters of approval. Let us make one more effort to be understood.

The claim of life members to a free copy of the

HOME MISSIONARY

is not disputed. Every such member is heartily welcome to the gift without money and without cost. Nevertheless, should any feel themselves both able and willing to become paying subscribers, we cannot be so cruel or ungrateful as to deny them the privilege.

The growing response is the best proof that many *do* feel themselves both able and willing, and seize with joy the opportunity of contributing to the self-support of the magazine.

THEIR AID IS WELCOME

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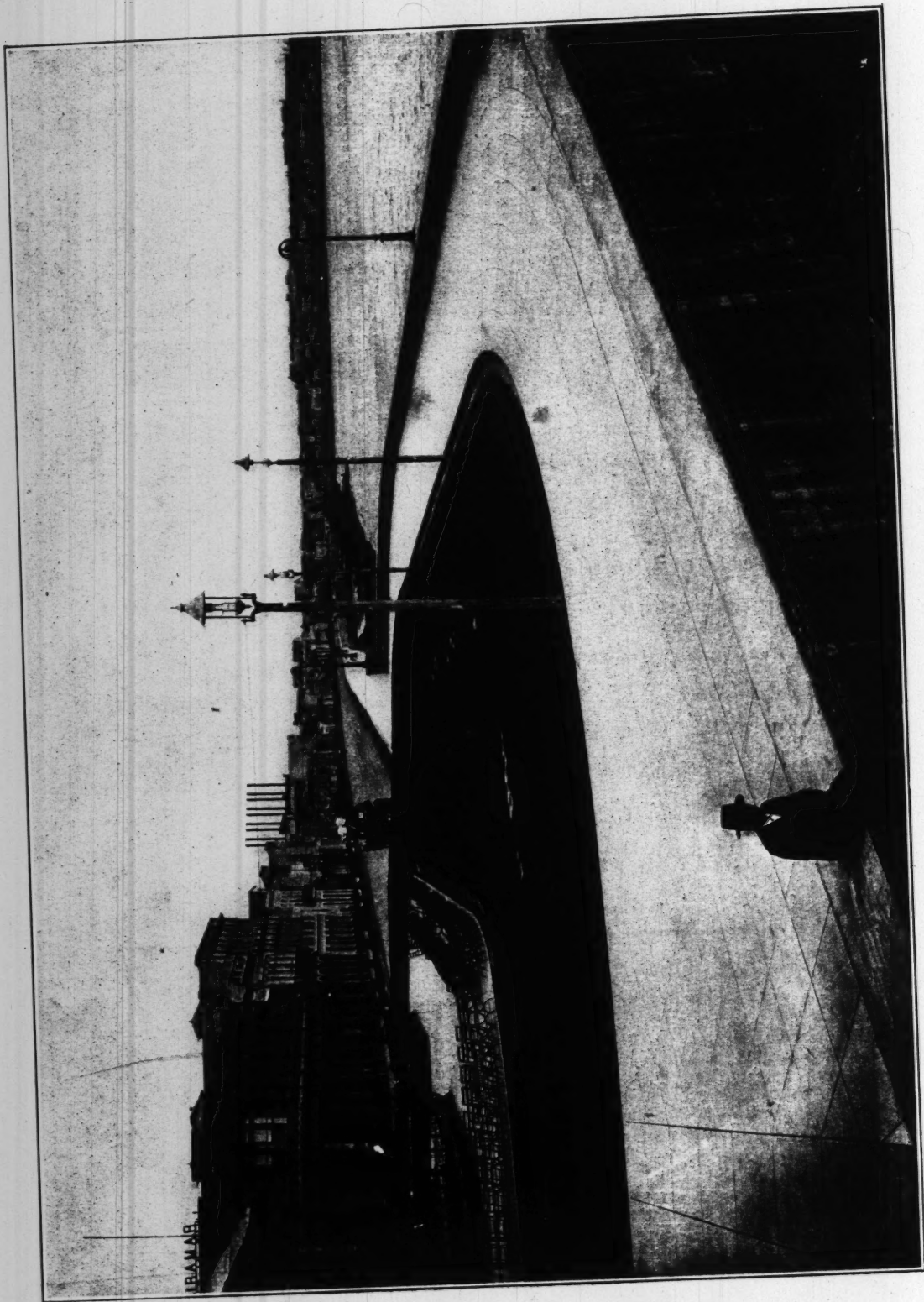
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THE HOME MISSIONARY

VOL. LXXXI

JUNE, 1907

NO. 3

The Italian and His Church at Home

By Minnie J. Reynolds

EDITORIAL NOTE:—the following article by Minnie J. Reynolds, is her latest contribution to a series that has appeared in this magazine from her pen, illustrating different phases of the immigration problem. These articles have attracted wide attention, and have been extensively copied by the religious and secular press. The present article throws special light upon the character of Italian immigration, which has become a notable factor in the great problem. The viewpoint of the author is just now in Sicily, which has the name of furnishing the worst and most hopeless class of Italian immigrants. In a personal letter from Miss Reynolds, dated at Trapani, Sicily, April 12th, she says: "The observations which I have set down in the enclosed article were to me very interesting and surprising, and I hope they will form a contribution for *The Home Missionary*. Were I in America I should read such an article with intense interest, for the reason that in the secular press, both newspapers and magazines, it is almost impossible to find a word of this kind, unless some convulsion takes place like that in France, and even then the press is most guarded. It has seemed to me that this picture of conditions at home might be enlightening to persons interested in home missions, as your readers are. I am just now living in an Italian villa on a mountain side, with range upon range of mountains back of me, a city 2,500 years old at my feet, and beyond, the blue, blue Mediterranean. All of this end of Sicily is soaked with history, Phoenician, Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, Saracen, Norman; and it is dripping with fertility and like a fairyland for natural beauty."

IT IS an interesting experience for one who has studied the Italian colony in New York for some years, to visit the source and fountain of that enormous emigration which has almost startled America in recent years, and see the Italian at home. Even the best read and most liberal minded New Yorker cannot restrain a slight feeling of stupefaction, on landing upon Italian soil, to reflect that it is all Italian. Accustomed to regard the Italian as the poorest, the greenest and the most ignorant of the immigrants, perform-

ing the most menial and ill-paid tasks in the community, it is with a kind of bewilderment that he gazes at these splendid public buildings, these magnificent semi-tropical parks, these wide and elegant streets and modern offices full of traffic and business, these buzzing electric cars, dashing automobiles and smart private traps with their liveried servants—and realizes that it is all Italian; that it is Italians alone who are carrying on all this impressive civilization and making all this display of wealth and luxury. We hear so much in America of the misery

of the immigrant, the poverty of the immigrant, the dangers of immigration to the country, that unknown to ourselves we get a subconscious impression that nobody but Americans or persons who have been for a long time in America have any money or any business ability. It is an excellent thing for the American to travel in

rects a number of his ideas about religious conditions in Italy.

There is a false conception among Protestants that all Catholics are bigoted, intolerant, and animated by an intense devotion to their Church; or at any rate, if they do not care much about it themselves, that they are ready at any moment to resent a

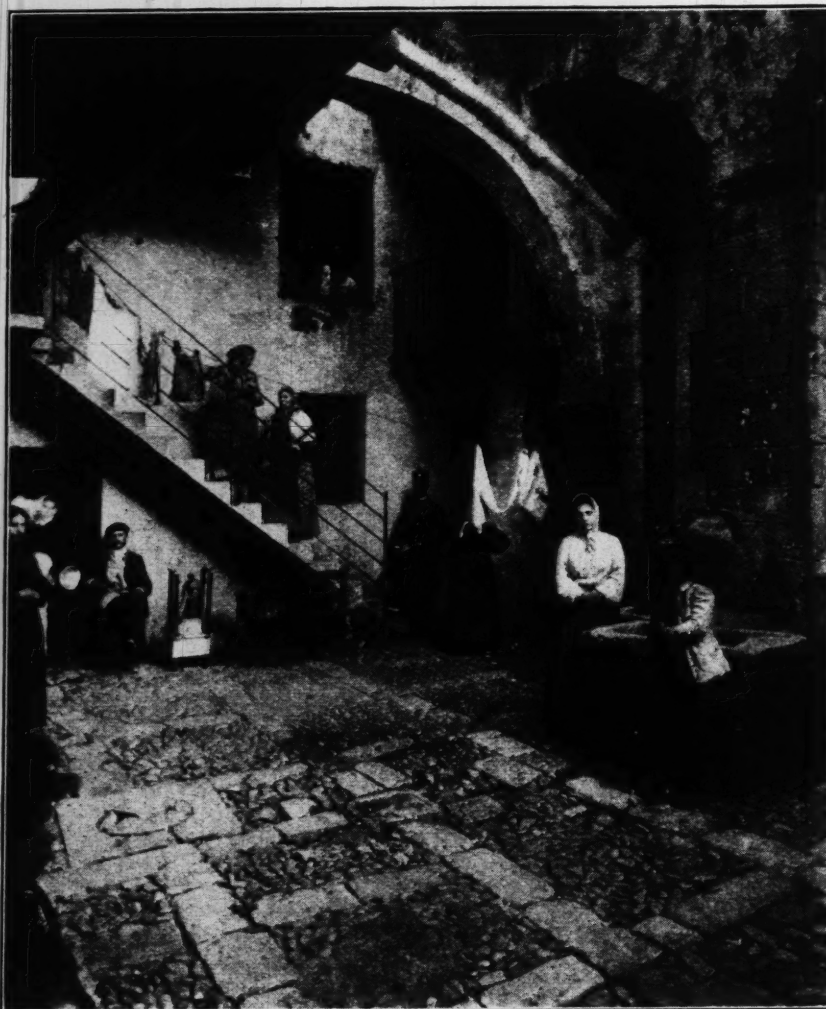


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THE ITALIAN AT HOME, TRAPANI, SICILY

Europe, just as it is an excellent thing for the European to go to America. And just as he corrects his ideas of material affairs, so the American who knows the language, who takes up his residence in an Italian family, is admitted into its circle of friends and relatives, listens to their talk and becomes one of them for the time, cor-

word against it from a Protestant. I believe we get this idea in America because most American Catholics are Irish. The Irishman clings to his Church with an intense affection because it has long been the centre of his nationality. He has, very much against his will, been subject to a Protestant power politically, and he

considers that he has been subject to much persecution for his faith. Also, the Irishman is one of the best fighters the world has ever known. He has proved his title on many a field of glory, and he carries his characteristic virtue into the field of polemics. Therefore, the Catholic as we know him in America is sensitive as to

French Canadians of to-day, who are far more devoted to their Church than their race on this side the water, and so fearful of assimilation into the English population that they turn pupils out of their church schools perfectly ignorant of the English language, although it is most necessary for their economic advancement.



Photo. Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

CORAL POLISHING, TRAPANI, SICILY

his faith, touchy about his Church, and goes about with a chip upon his shoulder. It is the same with the modern Greeks, who through long centuries of subjection to a power alien in race and faith learned to regard their Church with intense affection and loyalty, as their only centre of nationality. And it is so with the

But it is far otherwise in Italy. In proof let me describe the state of affairs in this city of Trapani, where I am now writing. I take Trapani because it is a small and remote city, little visited by foreigners, and therefore much less affected by foreign influence than the great, cosmopolitan, tourist haunted cities of the North.

Also, it is in Sicily, in farthest Sicily; and to the average New Yorker Sicily stands for all that is ignorant and unprogressive. Trapani has 60,000 inhabitants. Of that number I am told by intelligent and educated natives of the city, two-thirds never go to confession. Of the remaining 20,000 a large number, including a very large majority of the men, goes only once a year, at Easter time. It is rare in this community that any man goes to confession more than once a year, and probably seven or eight tenths of them never go at all. There are certain other practices of the Roman Church which seem objectionable to the Protestant; such as the buying of indulgences, according to those notices posted in Catholic Churches which offer remission of sins for a certain length of time in return for certain special devotions; or the buying of souls out of Purgatory by the simple expedient of paying for the masses which are to pray them out. Forty thousand out of the 60,000 of this population pay no more attention to such things than a Protestant would. The Protestant tourist, seeing the ancient churches filled with the accumulated pictures, statues and votive offerings of centuries, believes the whole population steeped in bigotry and superstition. As a matter of fact, two-thirds of the population regard these things with no more reverence than the tourist himself. Of the 40,000 Trapanesi who never go to confession, a large number go to church occasionally; some of them every Sunday, others on special occasions, the act being as much one of social pleasure as religious duty; just exactly, in fact, as a good many Protestants go to church. But there is also a considerable number of this liberal or indifferent element—just as you choose to call it—which never steps inside a church, unless it be to look at the girls or to watch some church spectacle of dramatic or historic interest. This non-churchgoing element includes the young university men,

and some of them are inspired by so active a dislike of the church that they will not step inside a church even for the ulterior purposes named.

Right here the Protestant visitor from America comes upon a curious thing. We have in America a large class of what Mr. Walter Laidlaw in his church census tables calls "Indefinite Protestants." Questioned by the census taker of the Church Federation Society, they will reply that they are Protestants, but belong to no denomination and attend no church. They are married and buried by a Protestant minister, but there their connection with Protestantism ends. There is exactly such an element in Catholic Italy. They are married, buried, and, in addition, baptized by the Catholic clergy; but that is the extent of their connection with the church. But the underlying causes in the corresponding cases are markedly different. The "indefinite Protestant" may have slipped out of church going for a variety of reasons; change of residence, breaking of old church ties, desire to make a holiday of Sunday, and so on. But for the most part, get down to the bottom facts and you will find that the non-church going Protestant no longer believes in the Bible. He has ceased to accept the Bible as true, he no longer regards Jesus as a divine or supernatural being. As a logical sequence he stops going to church. But he has nothing against the church or its clergy. He is in no way incensed or embittered against either. All the anti-church feeling in America comes from across the water. There is none of it among Americans of the old stock, and in fact, non-church goers often contribute to the benevolent and educational work of the church, and even to its support.

The exact reverse of this condition exists in Italy. It is true that the young university men of Italy are almost to a man agnostics. But the mass of the "indefinite Catholic" population believes in a personal God, in

Jesus Christ as the Son of God, in the Madonna as a divine protectress and to a certain extent, varying with individuals, in the saints of the Catholic Church. But it does not believe in the church or the priests. Instead, it seems inspired by an active dislike of them, amounting at times to actual hatred. Here in Trapani one can hardly enter a social or friendly gathering without hearing the conversation turn sneeringly or contemptuously upon the priests, and the superstitions of the "bigotti." Every person in Trapani who is devoted to his church is called a "bigotto"—bigot—by the "indefinite" element. They speak of the priests with a lack of respect which no Protestant in America would ever use in regard to the clergy of any church; call them "crows," "beggars," and other opprobrious epithets. They will tell more scandalous stories of priests than any Protestant ever thought of; tales of their dishonesty, of their hardheartedness, of their private life. But it would be distinctly unfair to credit their dislike of the priests to the immorality of the latter as a class. The percentage of priests of whom these tales are told is an infinitesimal one. The scorn of the priests does not depend at all on individual ill-doing. The best educated and most intelligent people of the community lump the priests together and despise them as a whole. Their argument is simple. They consider the priesthood a "graft"; a vast organization for the purpose of getting all it can out of the people in the way of money and power. The church, they will tell you, is based on the ignorance and superstition of the uneducated. That is its life blood. Therefore it is to its interest to maintain ignorance and superstition. Every step in education, in progress, in the advance of human rights in Italy, they say, has been taken in spite of the church. The priests are educated men, they will tell you. Therefore they must know that a man cannot forgive sin; that the Pope can-

not be infallible; that God is not vile enough to keep a soul in Purgatory till his relatives have paid for prayers enough to get him out; that the silly miracles related of the saints and their relics cannot be true. Therefore the very fact that a man is a priest proves him to be living a life of conscious deception.

All through Sicily the drugstore is a sort of club for the better classes. In any one of them of an evening a group of well-to-do persons may be found chatting. Happening to step into one one evening with a friend and her son, the latter, a high school lad of sixteen, fell into controversy with a priest. In the course of it the boy burst out with, "Well, if I had known what they were doing when they baptized me I would never have let them do it; and if I ever have any children they never shall be baptized." No schoolboy in America would say such a thing to a clergyman, whether Protestant or Catholic. He would have too much respect for the man and the office, no matter how he regarded the rites of the church. It was a piece of impertinence, and the priest answered it with suitable dignity when he said, "Ah, but you are very young my boy." At this point the druggist took a hand.

"I hear," said he to the priest, "that that Luca Della Robbia Madonna in the Church of Santa Maria di Gesu opens and closes its eyes at times. Tell me, is that true?"

The priest threw up his hands with a deprecating gesture and said in a subdued voice, "They say so, Signore, but I have never seen it."

This sort of bullying and baiting of a priest could not take place in America. In fact, it is said in Italy that the papacy regards America as the most favorable field in the world for the propagation of the faith, because of the toleration and respect for all Churches which there exist. Some years ago there was in Trapani a priest, Vito Pappalardo, who was excommunicated by the Pope for his



Photo. Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ITALIAN GROUP, OLD TRAPANI, SICILY

liberal ideas. He was a professor of philosophy and a writer. A beautiful marble bust of him now stands in the Trapani picture gallery, placed there by the city government. It was raised to his memory as a scholar and a man of letters; but I confess that I do not know any city council in America which would have the temerity to raise a statue to a priest excommunicated by the Pope so short a time before. It seems to me sometimes that they are more independent in some things in Italy than we are in America.

For example, Giordano Bruno, the philosopher, was burnt to death as a heretic in Rome in the year 1600. The

other day I observed, scrawled on walls in the main street in Trapani, the words "Abasso i preti"; "Viva Giordano Bruno"; "Abasso i preti ladri"; "Abasso il papaccio ladro." Which mean respectively, "Down with the priests;" "Hurrah for Giordano Bruno"; "Down with the robber priests"; "Down with the big ugly thief of a pope." Please remember that I am not saying these things, but translating literally. Wondering much at this ebullition of enthusiasm three centuries after the event, I made inquiries and found that the government has recently established a memorial day for Bruno, and it had been celebrated a few days before in Trap-

ani. The theatre, gorgeously dressed with flags and lights, was packed to the street, and the mayor, a professor and a distinguished lawyer pronounced discourses on Bruno. The whole audience then issued forth, carrying flags, and marched to music to the statue of Garibaldi, where further discourses were pronounced. No such demonstration could take place in America under government auspices. It would mean political danger for the party attempting it. But they do these things in Catholic Italy; and the Church maintains a discreet and perhaps terrified silence. As for the Pope, the class which I have described seems to have no more respect for him than it has for the priests. A most common epithet applied to him is "Bestia"—beast. All this means that here in Italy in a few years there will be some such movement as that which has recently convulsed the relations of Church and State in France; and that Italy will impatiently shake off the burden of a State Church. Large numbers of men resent bitterly the fact that they must be taxed to support a church which they neither attend nor love. I never heard a word of objection when monastic refugees from France settled in the United States recently. But there are growls and murmurs here because of those who came into Italy at the same time, with predictions that not only they, but all Italian conventual orders will be expelled in time.

Most of the old convents are forbidden to accept any new members. A few aged nuns wander like ghosts among the great halls and corridors which once sheltered hundreds—in Trapani there is one with only three. When they are gone, the government will take the building, apply it to some modern use, or raze to make way for some new building. The most common fate of these old convents is to house a public school. Certain sisterhoods are still permitted to receive new members, but they are sisterhoods going out into the world and

engaged in active work, charitable or otherwise, like the Sisters of Charity. Very few Italian girls are now entering nunneries; and this was the more surprising to me when I recalled that in Quebec and Montreal last summer I found the convents all full of life, activity and prosperity, flocks of Canadian girls entering them, and even discovered under the black robe of one novice a beautiful young American girl.

All this indicates that the Italians are outgrowing their Church, both intellectually and morally. I think if the Church had to shift for itself here as it does in America, with no source of income except voluntary subscriptions, that two-thirds of the church buildings would be closed and two-thirds of the priests would be obliged to seek other occupations. People are not leaving their money to the church any more. A large sum was left not long ago in Trapani for the assistance of the widows and orphans of sailors, a class abundant in this seafaring town. It was left in charge of a secular board of trustees. Not many years ago every such charity would have been left to the administration of the Church. Now almost none are so left.

Aside from the spread of education through the extension of the public school system, one great fact has had a part in bringing about this state of things: the refusal of the papacy to be reconciled to the government of Italy. To comprehend the effect this has upon Italians, Americans should imagine the following situation: Supposing our revolution had occurred at the time of the civil war, so that it was as fresh in our minds as the latter. Supposing that at its close Washington, commanding all the respect and admiration which we now feel for him, had become king; and that at present his grandson, an aimable and industrious young man against whom no one had a word of complaint, sat upon the throne. The feeling of the American people toward the reigning house

would then be similar to that of the Italians for the House of Savoy. Italians take all the pride in their magnificent and heroic risorgimento that we do in our revolution. They revere the House of Savoy as we do the name of Washington. They adore the name of Garibaldi, and all his dashing and splendid deeds. They thrill over the martyrdom of Mazzini, the masterly statesmanship of Cavour. The history of the world does not con-

tain a more brilliant page than that which tells the tale of the rise and union of Italy. He would needs be a clod who could read that story and not tingle with patriotism.

The Italians appreciate it to the full, and glory in it. For them Italian history begins with United Italy. It is the heroes and events of the revolution that they commemorate in statues and new streets. All natives who in any way opposed the revolution and



Photo. Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

SUNDAY STREET PERFORMANCE, TRAPANI

the union, simply occupy the place that the Tories did in our revolution. The Italian Tories are of but one kind; the Pope and his political followers.

That the Pope should refuse to recognize a government which has treated him with every courtesy; that he should presume to announce himself to the world as a prisoner, when he is as free as any citizen of the land; that he should maintain an obstinate and continued attitude of disloyalty to the government which protects him and supports his churches—irritates the Italians extremely. Probably no Church ever made a more fatal mistake in policy than when the papacy ranged itself against the government under which it has its seat. The full fruits of that policy will be seen when the country which has housed the papacy for fifteen hundred years; from which the Pope thundered his commands to Europe and crowned and uncrowned emperors—when this country refuses any longer to rest in the Church of the Pope as its State Church.

To me there are a number of lessons for any church in the situation in Italy. One is that it is very dangerous for any church to fall below the highest standards of intellect and morality in the community where it exists. The

moment it fails to keep up with the most advanced standards it finds it to its interest to hold the people upon its own lower plane, where it may retain its influence over them. Another lesson is that it is very dangerous for any church to go into politics; perilous for it to take sides in any great political struggle; to tie up its interests with any party, or be identified in the public mind with any phase of political life. And still a third; when individuals are no longer swayed by superstition, when they are touched by agnosticism or free thought, when in short they no longer seek the church to insure their own salvation in a future life, the only hold the church can then retain over them is through its good works. They may reject the doctrines of the church; but if they see the church educating and uplifting belated races; teaching and befriending the puzzled child of the immigrant; following the American flag with schools and churches which embody the best we know in America—those who no longer love the church for their own sake must at least respect it for the good it does. Far, far be the time when the Church in America is referred to in such terms of sneering contempt as one hears repeatedly in Italy!

The Treasury

WE GIVE below a tabulated and comparative statement of the receipts of the Society, from living givers for the month of April, 1906 and 1907.

It is not altogether encouraging; although the total receipts for the month, including legacies, show an

increase of more than \$10,000, over April, 1906:

The appeal for the \$470,000 from living givers has already gone out. It stands as the judgment of the committee constituted by the National Council that this sum is needed for the work of this Society.

	Churches	Sunday Schools	C.E.	Women's Societies	Individ- uals	State Soc.	Total
1906	\$7,079.80	\$223.96	\$88.12	\$1,603.33	1,375.52	\$1,812.25	\$12,182.98
1907	5,404.67	60.12	—	1,961.91	931.32	1,085.55	9,443.25



GEM OF THE ANTILLES

by Geo L. Todd, D.D.

CUBA IS a land of Promise as yet unfulfilled. Her natural resources are almost unlimited but to a great extent undeveloped. Her climate is almost perfect. The extreme heat of the northern summer is seldom known. The cold of the northern winter never comes. The Gulf-stream carries its genial warmth to the confines of the frigid zone. The little hills of Cuba should be crowned with sanitariums and beautiful homes where human beings might breathe in the health-giving purity of the breezes which always blow direct from the great waters surrounding this island of sunshine.

What are the causes of Cuba's lack of progress? Human beings. In what consists her hope of future progress and prosperity? Human beings. Her great need is a people, not so much a new people as a regenerate people. The descendants of the people who murdered the quiet and peaceful Carib are here. The descendants of that people's slaves are here. They have mingled to such an extent

that it is difficult to draw a dividing line. The treatment of them by the Church which has professed to care for their spiritual and moral welfare has not been of such a nature as to help them think of moral and spiritual things, but rather to keep them in ignorance and continuous degradation. The clergy naturally fell, morally and spiritually, to the level of their own teachings and although they may at times have preached better things, they did not practice what they preached. Fully one-third of the children were born out of wedlock. Marriage was a form which the wealthy only could afford, and now multitudes must be counted as "bastards and not sons." Shall we look for real prosperity until moral and spiritual prosperity is established? No, a thousand times NO. Such conditions may be nominally enforced by arms, but never really established until the people yearn for them from their inmost souls. Cuba's fertile lands, her valuable forests, her great mineral wealth claim the attention of the whole

world, but the harbinger of peace and the forerunner of prosperity is the Gospel of Jesus the Saviour of the world. The moral and spiritual decay of a resourceful people has left behind a compost-heap rich in possibilities. Shall we leave it because it is rotten? Let the thundertones of indignation and the showers of abuse and scandal and the torrents of political destruction and the floods of cupidity cease. We need no more water. Let us hasten to cultivate the compost-heap and plant the seeds of a practical Christianity, educate the children, lead the youth from out this wicked and adulterous generation to marry legitimate wives and plant honorable homes, let the breezes of heaven blow away the fumes and stench of decay, let the vegetation of decency and morality and uprightness absorb the

filth of that decay and the desert shall blossom like the rose. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." "Men of thought and men of action, clear the way."

You do not need information concerning Cuba. If the years of newspaper reports and of magazine articles and of personal experience have not enlightened you, what more can be done? Cuba is the strategic point to be gained in order to enter Latin America. She forms the pivot, delicate yet strong, on which will turn the destiny of millions of human souls.



CUBAN GUARDS

Will the Congregational Churches, leaders in education and practical Christianity, representatives of so large a percentage of a great nation's wealth, famed for her devotion to the cause of humanity, diligent in busi-

ness, sitting at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth the Saviour of the world, permit so wonderful an opportunity as Cuba presents go by without grasping it with firm and resolute hand? God forbid!

Home Missions in the Old Dominion

BY REV. C. A. JONES

ON ST. PATRICK'S Day, March 17th, our newest Virginia Home Missionary church entered a new pastorate. Rev. H. W. Dowding, for three years the very successful pastor of Hawley Memorial, Monterey, Pa., takes up the Congregational work at Portsmouth, Va. This newest Pilgrim-Puritan enterprise in the Old Dominion State has, even against odds, shown unusual vigor and thrift, as well as continued generosity and self-sacrifice. In February, 1905, the First Church was organized. It has flourished from its conception. Its constituency is practically southern and has proved by its good works its right to our fellowship. Small in numbers, these Virginia Congregationalists rank first in local church finance. Rev. John G. Sibson, their first pastor, was obliged to retire suddenly from the field by reason of sickness. He left them well organized and in possession of two fine lots, paid for. Rev. D. K. Young, Jr., who now retires, leaves them in possession of a \$7,000 new edifice, with no debt upon it, except that of the Congregational Church-Building Society, whose annual payments can be easily handled. While the Portsmouth Congregationalists continue to command the respect of all Christian people in that city and Norfolk, they have handled their finances largely in their own circle. Forty or more members will back Mr. Dowding to the



THE "JOHNNIE REB" CHURCH,
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

echo. We shall watch them grow. A crisis for them is at hand. Mr. Dowding, as a leader, will be equal to it. It is the Jamestown Exposition and what that may mean to this band of Congregationalists. Plans will be made to call the attention of every Congregationalist in the United States to this enterprise. Every visitor to the Exposition will find a hearty welcome at the First Congregational Church, Park View, Portsmouth, Va., just a few squares back of the Naval Hospital where Admiral Cervera and his captured veterans found, during the Spanish-American War, such a reception as friends, not foes, vouchsafe. Visit our "little Johnnie Church" when you go to that part of the interesting South.

Illinois

Demands and Opportunities

BY REV. ROY B. GUILD, SECRETARY

ILLINOIS, LIKE ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts for Congregational Home Missionary work. Technically we have one Society with two auxiliaries; practically we have three societies, the Illinois Home Missionary Society, the Chicago City Missionary Society and the Peoria Missionary Society. The Chicago City Missionary Society assumes responsibility for the churches inside the limits of that city as does the Peoria Society in that city, leaving their suburbs and all the state to the care of the State Society.

For nearly thirty years we have been self-supporting. At the same time the demands of the National Society have not been unheeded. In answer to these demands an arrangement was made by which the contributions from living givers was divided proportionately between the Illinois Home Missionary Society and the Congregational Home Missionary Society, all above a certain amount to go to the National Society. This arrangement came to be known as the "Illinois Plan" used now in the division of receipts in all constituent states. That the plan is a wise one no one doubts, after observing how much stronger the appeal is to the contributing public when the needs of city, commonwealth and country are combined.

The rural districts which, thirty years ago, called for the largest expenditure of funds are to-day of less importance. The zeal that planted many churches in country villages, over-reached itself, because many of these villages never realized in size the hopes of the early settlers. Many of our churches in these communities are to-day unable to maintain regular and effective services unaided. To aid them necessitates neglect in unchurched communities about our cities and great coal mines.

This does not mean that our work is therefore finished in these fields. The weakness in many cases is due to a cause that will before long give us splendid opportunities. That cause is the incoming foreign settlers, who have bought out the less thrifty American farmers and village merchants. Their children will some day wish to go to American churches, and the Congregational Church is truly American. To the limit of our ability we must in these fields continue our work, laying the foundation for greater usefulness in the future. There is a far better opportunity for making good citizens of these of foreign birth in the rural district than in the closely settled yet isolated colony of the great city.

As Illinois is second in the rank of coal producing states, many industries are attracted to sites within our border. The most encouraging outlook for planting churches that will become strong and self-supporting, is in these communities. In East Moline and Ridgeway hundreds of homes have been built by those employed in the John Deere and Moline Plow works, the Moline Tool works and kindred manufacturing plants. Two churches were organized in these communities three miles apart. They are connected by the street-car line, which makes it possible for one man to care for both. So successful has the undertaking been under the leadership of Rev. H. C. Harris, that we have dedicated two church buildings and erected a parsonage, free of all debt. One



KELLEYSVILLE

are rallying about the pastor. For years the Goodrich Church in East St. Louis has been a reproach to our name, but the busy pastor of Plymouth is slowly pulling it out of the "slough of despond."

Our Missionary churches in the suburbs of Chicago steadily pass from our rolls. The last to do so was the church at Morton Park, near the mammoth Western Electric plant on the Burlington road. From a condition that warranted receiving \$300 a year aid, it has called its own pastor at \$1,200, and is now able to help us establish other churches.

A source of weakness in



THE PAIL BRIGADE



THE MINERS

Without giving more illustrations of this character of our work, suffice it to say, we could profitably spend every dollar given the Society in these new industrial communities. From the standpoint of statistics, it might be the most satisfactory thing to do, but beyond the factory is the coal mine. Here the need

of the churches will soon come to self-support.

In East St. Louis, the city that is growing by leaps and bounds, we are having similar success in the Plymouth Church, of which Rev. R. K. Stetson is pastor. In this city we are handicapped as we are in Danville, Bloomington, Streator and other cities by not having a strong mother church. The Plymouth Church promises now to become such a church, because of the interest of men of influence who

the matter of preserving the fruits of our labor is that there are so many large cities in our state in which we do not have any church. Chief among these is Joliet. The Association to which a Joliet church would belong feels this loss so keenly that it has petitioned the Society to undertake the work here on a scale, and under a leadership that will rally the hundreds of Christians who are, or have been, members of Congregational Churches.



SEATONVILLE DEACONS

is the greatest, and so to the man of the missionary spirit, the opportunity of service is the most attractive.

Coal mines are scattered over two-thirds of our commonwealth. A quarter of a million persons depend upon them for a living. These persons represent most of the nations of the world. Every coal camp is a miniature Babel. Every influence is present that makes for the destruction of body and soul. The gloom of the mine makes the brilliancy of the saloon all the more attractive. The constant hazarding of life in the presence of falling slate and blasting powder makes men careless, reckless in every way. They hold life cheap, and so have little regard for the soul. The home life in most of the mining towns reflects all these influences, and from infancy, children are accustomed to profanity and little regard for the soul. The home life in most of the mining towns reflects obscenity. To a casual visitor, the chief task of these little ones is to carry pails of beer on Sunday, for half drunken parents—except when a Sunday school teacher can get them to the mission church for an hour or two.

In such a place Christian work is full of discouragements. The inspiration comes from the needs of the people, and the knowledge that the Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel, will supply the needs.

Through the services of our home missionary pastors, inspired by these needs, we have had some very satisfactory results. Seatonville may be taken as a type. A church building was erected here some years ago. A year ago the last dollar of indebtedness on church and parsonage was met. In the winter our State Evangelist, Rev. J. G. Brooks, held special meetings, and the church is at last self-supporting. The strong, hopeful spirit greatly encouraged the pastor, Rev. MacInness. This is the only Protestant Church in a community of 2,000 people.

Eight miles from Seatonville is Cherry, a town that has sprung up almost in a night. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad owns the mines. Five hundred workmen already on the pay-roll. The population numbers 1,000. There is every prospect it will double in a year or two. There are fourteen saloons and not a place of worship.

Editor's Outlook

Our June Number

IT HAD been our purpose to make the June HOME MISSIONARY a young people's number, including in that class the boys and girls and the young men and maidens of the Congregational Church. We have only partially realized our intention. Valuable matter accumulated, which it was desirable to publish before summer. The June number is the latest until September. We have, therefore, compromised with our intentions, and have divided the June issue between our older and our younger constituency. Our older friends, we doubt not, will read with interest the articles of Mr. Allen, Miss Crowell, Mrs. Broad and Miss White, and our younger readers will be very unwise if they do not read with care, as we are sure they will read with interest, the articles of Miss Reynolds, Dr. Todd, Secretary Guild and Secretary McAfee. We believe that no recent number offers a richer variety of matter, or promises greater enlightenment, than the June HOME MISSIONARY.

An Important Notice to Women

The annual meeting of the National Federation of Women's Congregational State Home Missionary Organizations will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, next October, in connection with the National Council.

Annie A. McFarland, *Secretary*.

Notes

☞ Mr. Charles C. West, for several years a valued member of the Executive Committee, has found it necessary to resign. His place has not yet been filled.

☞ Rev. S. V. S. Fisher, for many

years our Superintendent of the Scandinavian Department, has returned to the pastorate, and this Department has been placed under the care of Professors Grauer and Risberg, of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

☞ Dr. E. D. Curtis, after a long and faithful service, has retired from the superintendency of Indiana, and Rev. Albert E. Ricker, of Aurora, Nebraska, whose interest in Home Missions has always been active, has been appointed in his place.

☞ Dr. Frank E. Jenkins, late pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Atlanta, is now the Superintendent of "The South," including North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Texas and Louisiana. This is a large parish, but Dr. Jenkins is a man of large experience, as well of sincere interest in the development of southern Congregationalism. Dr. Gale has retired from the superintendency of Florida, and Rev. A. T. Clarke from that of Alabama, to make room for this important change. The long service of these brethren will be gratefully remembered.

☞ Rev. C. E. Clapp, who since 1889, has been the beloved Superintendent of Oregon, has yielded to his first and greater love, and exchanges the superintendency for a general missionaryship in the Northwest, including Oregon, Washington and Idaho. To this work of evangelism he will carry the love and good wishes of many churches and friends.

☞ Rev. W. S. Bell, for eighteen years joint Superintendent of the Home Missionary Society and the Sunday School Society in Montana, and the fruit of whose labors is his enduring monument, has been called to become Secretary of the Montana

Historical Society, upon which service he will enter June 1. Among fourteen applicants for the place. Mr. Bell was regarded as the most promising and available.

¶ The Maine Home Missionary Society began the celebration of its one hundredth anniversary May 7. Secretary Harbutt made a report covering not only the story of the past year, but including many facts of historic interest during the last century. Dr. Smith Baker presented an interesting paper upon the secretaries of the Society, with many of whom he has been in personal touch and close acquaintance. Dr. H. C. Herring, General Secretary of the National Society, was cordially received and made an impressive address on "The Century of Home Missions." President David N. Beach, of Bangor, Rev. Raymond Calkins, of Portland, and Rev. S. P. Cook, State Missionary of Massachusetts, took leading parts in the program. The anniversary is in progress at the present writing.

¶ Dr. Herring, as General Secretary of the Society, has had reason to regret that he is not possessed of several lives to spend in its service. The demands upon his time have been continuous, and his excursions have reached in every direction from the office. It is an augury of future prosperity for the Home Missionary Society, that its newly elected Secretary is everywhere welcomed and everywhere wanted.

¶ Two veteran Superintendents have withdrawn from the service of the Society within a few months past. Rev. J. Homer Parker began work for the Home Missionary Society in 1882. He was the founder of the Atlanta, Georgia, Church, and for some time its pastor. He entered Oklahoma at the beginning of things, and has been an indefatigable Superintendent from

then until now. His long and tireless service has somewhat affected his health, and he retires in favor of Rev. C. G. Murphy, late of Texas, who has been welcomed by the Oklahoma churches as their future leader. Rev. Harmon Bross, D. D., has been at the head of Home Missions in Nebraska for twenty years, enjoying the confidence and sympathy of the churches to an unusual degree, and now retires with the good will of the Society. Rev. S. I. Hanford, a Nebraska pastor, has succeeded Dr. Bross as Secretary of the now independent state, with every promise of successful leadership.

¶ Miss M. Dean Moffatt has been known in connection with the Field Force of this Society since 1895, and there are few churches, East or West, that have not heard her earnest addresses. In the enforced economy that requires a reduction of our Field Force, Miss Moffatt has retired, and is now engaged in philanthropic work in New Haven, Connecticut.

¶ Rev. J. K. Harrison, for many years Secretary of the North California Home Missionary Society, has been obliged by ill health to resign his work. His services will be greatly missed as they have been greatly valued. Under his direction the Society has come to self-support and enlarged prosperity.

¶ We are pleased to announce to the churches that the day of unpleasantness in Florida is at an end. At a recent meeting of the State Association all parties made mutual concessions, buried all animosities, and came to an amicable understanding for the future. Churches that separated from the Association came back, and good will crowned the entire meeting. The Florida case is now a matter of history, and while it will be remembered with regret, the end is peace.

Our Young People

The Blue Marble---A Child's Story

BY KATHARINE R. CROWELL,
Author of "Coming Americans"

LISTEN! Do you not hear it—that far-away music, sweet and faint, like an echo from fairy land? And indeed it must be fairy music, for as we listen do we not see the blue marble—blue as blue can be—falling into the grass and the eager little children who, looking for it find it not? The blue marble is gone! but only because it has changed into the bluest of blue violets.

Fairy music—yes; but “truly” music too; sung by hundreds of children’s voices—sweet as sweet can be. Except for certain happenings we should not hear them—and then there would have been no story of the Blue

Marble!

Let me tell you what did happen. It was one day last summer—in June the “leafy” month; but it was not leafy in the New York street where we find Isodor and little six-year-old Freda. Oh, no; not leafy—or anything that is cool and fresh and green. Isodor and Freda and hundreds—no—thousands—of other children are in these crowded streets. Worse than crowded. Look at the pushcarts—in endless rows—containing almost everything you could name and some that you could not. You will recognize them though by sight not by sound, for the peddlers are calling



Courtesy of Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations

VACATION SCHOOL-KINDERGARTEN



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WEAVING RAFFIA

their names in outlandish Yeddish. Do you know what kind of children speak Yeddish? Look at the women "shopping" in this shooless place, with children in their arms and children hanging on to their skirts. There are children sitting on the sidewalk, too, and children in every doorway and on every stoop; children running up and down the middle of the street, shouting, screaming, playing, fighting—and all the while dodging wagons and street cars. Such is the "children's play-ground," and school vacations are just about to begin—must the children spend all the coming summer mornings in these hot and noisy streets? But wait! A good many people have been thinking about the summer days and these children. You will see presently what this thinking has amounted to.

We must go back a little—it is in April and May—is it not? that we see sometimes countless birds flying overhead? They come from the South somewhere. Well; last May a flock of white birds flew away out of the

city to the country. (And no wonder). You must have noticed that in some strange way birds always know just where to go. Watch our little white birds now! They fly to the north and they fly to the south; to the east also and to the west, but everyone makes straight for a college campus! And presently we see a student here and another student there holding in his hand a white bird (a letter in a white envelope you know it really is) and thinking very hard over a message it brings—and do you know every "bird" carries a message about the little children in those hot and noisy streets who, unless these students can prevent it, are likely to spend all the vacation days in the streets—in idleness and in learning to do wrong things. The students look rather sober over the matter, for over against the thought of those crowded streets with their sights and sounds and odors (but let us not speak of the odors) and children, rise visions of the sea (Ah! its strong and salty breezes!) of glorious mountain

tramps; of long journeys of delight—which have been planned to fill *their* vacation days. But a lovelier Vision and more winning Voice intercedes for the little children; and so it has come about that on this summer morning, as Isodor and Freda look longingly through iron bars, on fresh green grass and the “leafy” walls of a beautiful church—for in New York many church walls are leafy and cool and green—the white birds’ message is bringing from north and south and east and west student volunteers, who on these vacation days shall help to change all life to come for many a boy and girl.

And this brings us back to Isodor and Freda. They are not now looking through iron gratings; for a lovely lady fresh and crisp—like her white shirtwaist—told them yesterday that to-day the gates would swing open for them, and sure enough at nine o’clock they are wide open, and hundreds of children from the streets nearby are pouring into the big church—one of the twenty-three churches where the Federation Daily Vacation Bible Schools are to be held, (we will glance in at some of them presently)—for the crisp young ladies and the wide-awake and alert young men who will be the teachers have been making friends with these tousled little street children in ten different neighborhoods (different, but all alike crowded with children) on the east side, and ten on the west side—two in Brooklyn and one in Jersey City! We must first see where our two little friends are—Ah! there in the midst of over two hundred other little Russian Jews, we see Freda, with curly hair and sparkling eyes. The principal tells us that these little Jewish children are among the most lovable of God’s creatures, and their teacher says that Isodor Is-ador-able! But you want to know what is done in these vacation schools—for let me tell you, they are not a bit like *un*-Vacation schools!

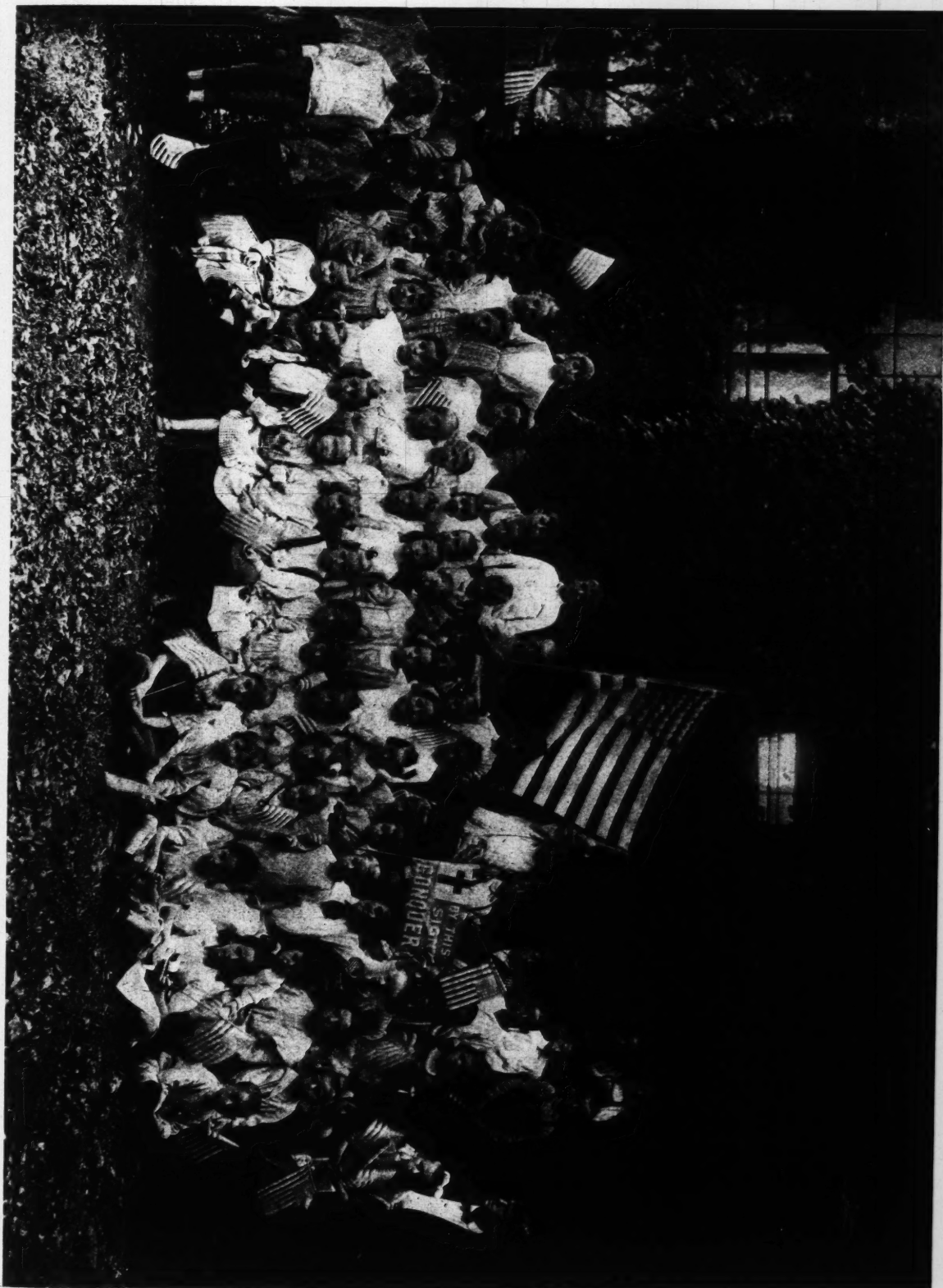
Well, in the first place, all these

church doors open wide at nine o’clock each morning. The children troop in and are registered (the first day). At 9.30 they sing a hymn; then listen to a Bible story. (*The teachers know how to tell Bible stories*, and these little street children listen to them entranced). Then there are calisthenics and a song; at 10.30 every boy and girl is busy with raffia, hammock twine or sewing; at 11.30 after another hymn and the repetition of the child’s benediction, all the little people march out to the sound of music—and that is the end for to-day. Not always the end, though. Many of them have grand good times playing basketball in the afternoons, for in this way, the principal fairly captures the hearts of his boys.

Now for our flying visit to some of the schools. No. 1 is in the Five Points Mission in Park Street. We must walk through Mulberry Bend to reach it—not the old Bend—but “Mulberry Bend as it is.” (You know this picture?) If not, look for it in “The Making of an American.” Here are Italian children—nearly three hundred—fearfully poor but bright and dear, as their teacher says lovingly. As we glance in we see them sewing clothes for baby brothers and sisters.

Epiphany Chapel in Stanton Street is next, with its poorly dressed but winsome faced little Russians. You will entirely lose your hearts to the little children of the Epiphany kindergarten! “Ah!” you say, “they are just *dear*.” And so they are. Guess how many pupils the Epiphany Bible school has on its roll. You cannot? Then I must tell you—five hundred and sixty-one! Stanton Street children certainly must like Bible stories.

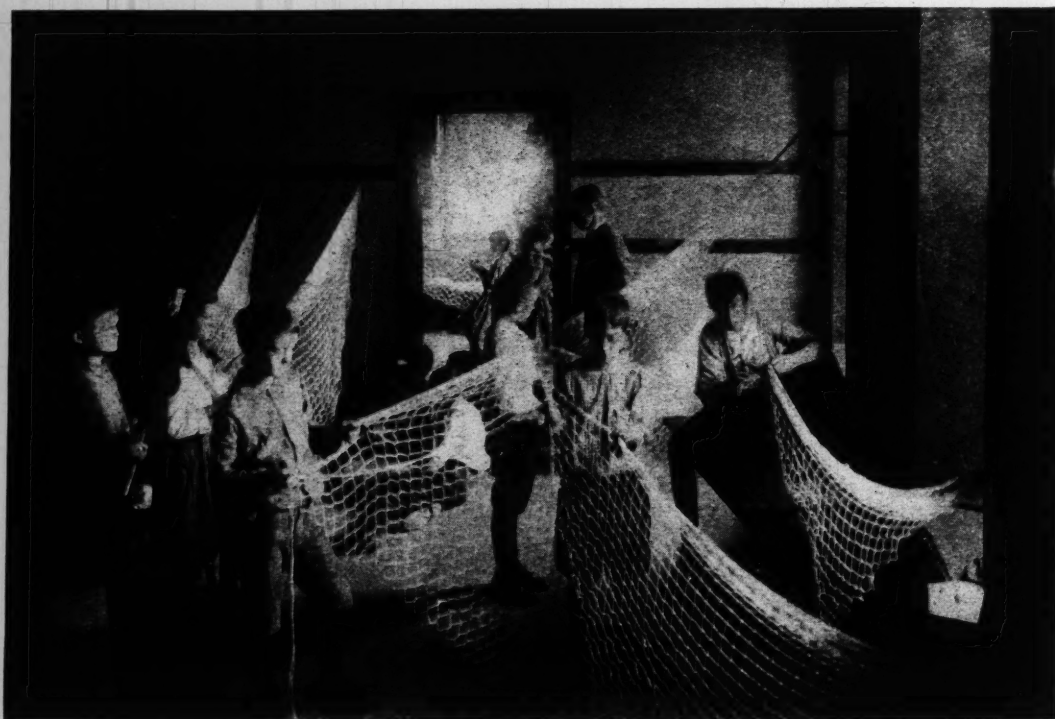
In School No. 3—we find Italians and Jews—such poverty! Poor little people—but their eyes are bright and their hands busy. They will not always be poor. They have a perfect passion for making hammocks, partly because their leader is himself so enthusiastic in the work. School No. 4



Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations
VACATION DAILY BIBLE SCHOOL, NEW YORK

has Irish children—hard to manage, *very*. They keep quite still though, to catch every word of the story of Joseph, which being long must be "continued in our next." Here are the chapters: One chapter each day—Story of Joseph's boyhood ambitions; Joseph made a slave; Joseph in prison; Joseph's deliverance; Joseph's brethren. The children love this story. The principal plays basketball with these boys in the afternoons, and to-day they are to play a match with

children, mostly Bohemians, do not miss one session of the whole summer. Could you equal that? The rector of a certain dearly-loved church, before sailing for Europe remembering the tenement children in the neighborhood, asked for a Daily Bible School for them, promising to see provided all that was needed to support it. This is school No. 7—and in it we see another "kind" of children—Germans—orderly, clean and industrious, and you should hear them



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HAMMOCK MAKING

another school. No. 5 shows us a new combination—Bohemia and Italy. You should see some of their work—it is fine I can tell you. No. 6 is held in a beautiful church on Madison Avenue. "But," you say, "where are the children? There are no 'slums' or tenements here!" No, but the pastor of the church wanted a Daily Vacation Bible School, paid all expenses and made it so attractive that every morning in the hot summer days, the children walk from four to ten "long" blocks to attend. Fifty

sing—perhaps you may before we finish. We have time only for another peep or two to see the "kind" of children. No. 8 is Irish chiefly. No. 9 is the Harlem Y. W. C. A.—and is for "girls only," but of many nationalities. No. 10 is happy in having almost a garden around the church where it is held, and here the children from ramshackle tenements work in the open air! The kindergarten in this "garten" is worth seeing. No. 11 is in a church to which city children owe a great deal of pleasure, for the

first of the children's summer playgrounds was established by it and neighboring churches. These children need playgrounds! We speak of the crowded blocks on the East side—this West side block is nearly as bad. It sent more than three hundred children to No. 11! In another school we find Irish, Italian, German and African children; in still another three hundred and fifty children. Italian chiefly, but with Irish, French, Jewish, German and African modifications!

garians and Italians (the most interesting and intellectual, and Americans (the most snobbish) they were not so popular, especially among the Americans. The teacher speaks of one boy who yawning disdainfully, remarked that when *he* was sick he had a doctor, and when he got hurt he had an operation!

But we must see the "Commencement" of all these schools—even if we leave the rest unvisited—saying only that owing to the Daily Vacation



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THE FLAG GAME

The Ten Commandments are taught in the Bible Schools—and it was in the last named that a boy recited, "Thou shalt not steal," but forgot it when a tempting jack-knife came within his reach; the next day at the close of the lesson he came to the teacher of his own accord, and gave up the knife.

"First aid to the injured" talks are given in all the schools; they are generally popular—but in one school where there are Germans (the best-workers) Irish (the most noisy) Hun-

Bible schools, there were saved from the miseries and temptations of the streets last summer, 6,696 boys and girls. They must have liked the schools! And they must have loved their teachers! Indeed they showed that they did by begging them to have the schools this year.

I wonder—don't you?—how many schools there will be in Greater New York *this* summer? And why not in other cities? Twenty-three? Fifty-three? One hundred and three? For there are plenty of churches in which

to hold them; plenty of children (over 1,000,000) to attend them, and many earnest young people in college who will surely volunteer to teach. Only one thing is lacking! You can guess what it is, I am sure.

But the Commencement! That is the great thing for us at this moment.

It is held in the Metropolitan Temple. Hark! there is that fairy music again! We are nearer now and can make out the words.

I had a marble, made of glass,
And blue as blue could be;
And once, when playing in the grass,
It slipped away from me.

And I have never found it yet,
And can't, because, you see,
It turned into a violet
As blue as blue can be.

It is the children's favorite song. But do watch what is going on! Every corner and crevice of the great Temple is filled up to the very last seat in the gallery. There are eighteen hundred children and six hundred teachers, friends and mothers of the children. Look up at the galleries, the walls and the roof space—I said, you know, that during the second hour of the school session, the children worked with their hands. Here are some of the results. Nearly four hundred hammocks; sixty made by one school, and six by one little girl of another school. There are baskets of reed, and dolls' hats of raffia; mats and purses and even sofa pillows also of raffia. There are sewing and embroidery and nine hundred needle-books. There are blank-books filled with Bible stories, maps and pictures, the result of the Bible study in the schools. But see those little boys—three of them, Italians—coming up to the platform. What are they going to do? They are moving something. Oh, they are sand tables. Each boy is making a map. Why! it is Palestine, and they have completed them *in seven minutes*. Their teacher



DO YOU KNOW THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT?

is calling out the important towns—and as fast as he names them, the little fellows insert small sticks in the proper places. Could *you* do it?

Ah! here come some children from that leafy church with the garden. And here is the kindergarten from St. Michael's. Their exhibit is a doll's house—just about a perfect doll's house—Listen—as they tell the story of Blind Bartimaeus. Some of the schools are sending up little barefoot delegates in blue overalls to recite. And these beautiful drills—flower drills, rhythm, wand and nurses' drills.

One of the most beautiful is the chanting in unison of the Lord's Prayer. Then the children sing "The King of Love"—conducted by a Princeton Glee Club man.

Now comes the close. Look! Look! the flag-bearer from each school is mounting the platform and eighteen hundred children arise and promise allegiance to the flag—and once more, they sing "America," and for the last time they repeat together the "children's benediction."

Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.

So end the Daily Vacation Bible Schools of 1906, and lo! it is nearly time for those of 1907! When the *ninth day of July* arrives, you may, if you listen, hear again the fairy music!

A "Make Believe"

FOR THE LITTLE ONES

BY MRS. CASWELL-BROAD

CHILDREN, sometimes you play a "Make-believe" game. John becomes a "make-believe" giant in a castle, and you pretend to be very much afraid of him. Mary is a "make-believe" housekeeper, and all her dolls are real live babies.

Now I want you to "make-believe" with me, awhile. Here before you is a large, clean blackboard. There is nothing on it but a big

C.

What does that stand for? Annie says, "Christian;" Ella, "Church;" for the girls think such a big C in "The Home Missionary" must mean something religious. Robert says "Club;" Peter "Coach," and little lame Ben thinks it may stand for "Crutch."

But no. It is a long, long word, and you cannot guess.

C.—CON-GRE-GA-TION-AL.

Now put on your thinking caps while I "make-believe" print another letter on this "make-believe" blackboard.

H.

Oh, you all know that! and are all speaking at once. I hear the words "Heart," "Hen," "Heaven," but little Bessie has it.

H.—HOME.

The next "make-believe" letter is a big

M,

which begins so many words, and this is another long one. And now some of you begin to guess at what is coming, and I hear the words, "Minister," and "Missionary." Yes! that is it.

M.—MISSIONARY.

The last word you will all guess, at once, I am sure. It begins with a big

S.

What a shout But no—it isn't "Sun-

day school." What do you call it when several boys and girls, or men and women, meet together once a week or month, and talk about something they want to do? Ah! James has it! He has joined a "Busy Bee" Society. So here it is:

S.—SOCIETY.

Now here are four very important words. Let us put them together on our "make-believe" blackboard.

CONGREGATIONAL HOME
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This is a Society that you and I and all the men and women, boys and girls in the country may belong to. Let us join at once. Why? Because if we love our country we want everybody who lives here to love our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now that we have joined this Society, what must we do?

1. We must love our country.
2. We must love the dear old flag with its beautiful stars and stripes.
3. We must sing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee."
4. We must save a part of our "candy money," a part of our gift money, and a part of our earned money to send to the

CONGREGATIONAL HOME
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WHAT FOR?

Once upon a time, away out on the prairie there was no Sunday school or church, so, of course there was no missionary.

One day a lady told some children there, that where she used to live they had a Sunday school. These children had never seen a Sunday school and were much interested in her story.

"We want a Sunday school!" they cried. "How can we have one?"

"Well," said the lady, "you must

first find some one who can pray, to take care of it."

"Can you pray?" asked a little girl with blue eyes.

The lady looked very sober as she said softly, "I never pray."

After school the next day you might have seen a group of small boys and girls, starting out on a most important errand. At the first house the little girl of the blue eyes knocked timidly at the door, and when it was opened by a woman, she asked:

"Is there anybody in this house who can pray?"

"No!" exclaimed the woman, and slammed the door in their faces. At the next house the inquiry was made by a boy, with the same result. From house to house trudged the brave little band, always meeting that dread-

ful word, "No!"

Quite discouraged they appeared before the lady who told them of a Sunday school, with the pitiful story: "There is nobody anywhere who can pray! What shall we do?"

"I will tell you," said the lady. "Write to the

CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

at New York, and ask for a Missionary. The child-letter was written, and the Missionary was sent, and the dear children had a Sunday school, and all the people had a minister and a church.

Isn't it worth while to save your pennies, and send a missionary to people who do not pray, and children who have no Sunday School?

Another Victory at the Front

BY REV. ERNEST BOURNER ALLEN

IN TIME of war, news from the front is awaited with anxious eagerness. Who has forgotten those days of '98 when we watched for word from Dewey and Schley, from Wood and Roosevelt? News from the King's men is of mightier moment. No newspapers print their names in type like a yard stick, no city gives them a big reception with bands and banquets. But God writes over their lives what one group of honest western men carved on the modest tombstone of a missionary preacher:

"If you seek his monument,
Look around you."

Let me paint you a picture on the canvas of the years.

I knew him in the middle west where he was the pastor of a little home missionary church in the suburbs of a capitol city. It was a discouraging field, but he held it for ten long years. Repeatedly he was called to other and larger places, but he steadfastly stuck to his place, believing that time would tell the story. He

preached at a little country hamlet beside. The usual accompaniment of long drives and trying physical service was his lot. But they never murmured. I say *they*, for she was made of the same heroic stuff, cast in gentler lines. They were proud of their girls,—sweet, pure, gentle girls, like their mother.

Then came the call to the West, in a great mining state. They went because—well, it was hard, men were not easily found, there was a chance to lay foundations, they wanted to pioneer for Christ. It was the thing to which they had consecrated their lives. Folks who do not know the joy of giving up one's life called it foolish, but these missionaries smiled at others' ignorance.

They settled at the confluence of two rivers, where the gold hunters established their winter headquarters before the war. It is the Mecca of the Pacific Northwest—where summer nights are cool, and game abounds, and the freedom of forest and hill is a tonic to body, brain and heart. Two

towns stand in neighborly relations where the rivers meet. They have today a tributary area greater than the total land and water surface of Massachusetts, Delaware, Maryland and Rhode Island. *Possibilities!* That is the thrilling word that one utters under his breath! The Christian statesman and seer is thinking not only of commerce and schools, of mines and cities, but of civilization and churches and men. Who builds foundations here renders service immortal!

What did our missionaries find on the field? A little handful of hopeless, leaderless, homeless people. There were just twenty-two, counting men, women and children, embarked in the Mayflower of a forlorn hope. They had no place to meet, nothing with which to pay a pastor or buy a gallon of oil. No Sunday school or Endeavor society existed. *Behold what God hath wrought in eighteen months;* The Sunday school averages 100; there were 124 on a recent Sabbath. The church enrolls sixty members, the Endeavor society twenty. They are completing their own church, of pressed brick, veneered, and trimmed with sandstone. It will cost \$7,500 and seat 250.

Do you know how they did it? I have a letter from that missionary pastor, my friend. He says the Church Building Society have helped them, but the most of the money has been raised on the field. How? *"It is given till the blood comes on the part of some of us."* We have already put over \$400 into the work. Don't you want to have a share in this new and glorious work? I hope you can help just a little."

Here is the stuff of which heroes are made. Have you caught a glimpse of this man's consecration? Have you given as much in eighteen months as he gave out of his meagre salary? And he has been partially supporting two daughters in a Christian college, who are doing their utmost to earn their own way. Write these words down in your Bible, words he put in his letter:

"I like hard places.
It gives one a chance
To draw upon the
Almighty for supplies."

Have you ever felt like that? Where are the young men and young women who think they have hero stuff in them? Have you longed to do some difficult, dangerous service? What sacrifice for the Kingdom will you endure? Are you willing to give *"till the blood comes,"* in order to see that the Gospel is preached? The Master gave His command to *every* disciple. If you cannot give your life, you can give your money. It represents life and love. You can put money into the work of this home missionary pastor. There are scores like him. To tell his story puts iron in one's blood, and it ought to put blood into our giving! "I have never doubted," he says, "never doubted the call to come here. It would have been easier to go to ——— and into a new church already built, but it would not have been so heroic nor such a blessing as to take this hard place."

These men and women at the front are God's soldiers. God pity us if we withhold ample supplies from the men at the front. It is heartless for us to cheer them when they return, scarred and worn by the battles, unless we have kept them furnished with the ammunition of adequate salaries and encouraging words. Many a young man could easily give ten dollars a year, about forty cents a week, for the salary of one of the soldiers of the Cross. *When the man at the front is giving "until the blood comes," no man at home can compare with him till he, too, gives "until the blood comes!"* It is costly to be heroic, and many of us, alas! are only *tin* soldiers! Thousands of Christian young people are earning enough money not only to buy their clothes and to help the home folks, but to have a margin for many knickknacks and pleasures. Who will really *sacrifice* to give liberally to God? Who will go without dresses, like

this missionary pastor's wife, in order to keep up the church and give it a home? "What Christian Endeavor society will say: "Count on us for \$50 a year for the most needy home missionary field," and raise the money by giving, for Christ's dear sake, "until the blood comes"?"

We ought to pray for such missionary pioneers. The story of their labors is like a dash of Hebrews II in a modern Bible. Let us make men read it by rehearsing the story. All honor to the handful of people standing by the work of God's Kingdom in a hard place. They are building good stuff into life's temple—it is like "gold and silver and precious stones." I covet the honor and blessing of doing likewise! Do you? Then there are some things we ought to do, now and always:

1. We ought to pray for the work and the workers.

2. We ought to give, "until the blood comes," in order that our Lord may be everywhere known and loved.

3. We ought to know and tell the story of our pioneers on the outposts. Start that Mission study class *to-day*. You *can*. How? Enroll *yourself*!

4. We ought to study the problems of Christian conquest so as to intelligently co-operate in the great and vital plans of our denomination for extending Christ's Kingdom. Study the ample, inspiring literature our Missionary Societies issue.

5. Every Christian ought to be a missionary enthusiast, burning with the fire that flamed in the heart of our Lord. To be "like Christ" is to be thus minded, and He summons us to stand by every herald of the cross, every campaign for extending the Kingdom. We ought not to need to be coaxed or coddled or convinced. Let us follow Him!

Home Missionary Acrostic

HOW CAN WE HELP

H means how it can be done.
O is what we owe, each one.
M is what my part should be.
E is every one should see
How we all must work and plan,
To help Home Missions all we can.

M means money, who will say
I will send a gift to-day?
S is send it with a prayer.
S is others' burdens share.
I is interest, keen and sure.
O is offerings for the poor.
N is now for needs are great.
S is send c'er 'tis too late.
For Home Missions everywhere
Need our money and our prayer.



The Most Popular Thing in Town

BY GRACE C. WHITE

A COMPANY of girls sat on Piney Knoll picking over arbutus, and thoroughly enjoying their annual May-day excursion.

It was easy to be confidential out there, and Celia Thornton drew a sigh as she said, "It seems harder to do disagreeable things when the days are so glorious than it would if the weather was disagreeable too!"

"What do you mean?" asked the others in amazement. "What do *you* have to do that you don't like?"

"Just what everyone of you would dislike as much as I do, if you had it to do."

"That isn't telling what it is," said Isabel, "and since you have roused our curiosity you ought to tell the rest."

"Well, then, Mr. Wadleigh sent me a notification yesterday that I have been appointed one of the collectors for Missions; and the first collection to be taken is for the C. H. M. S. Now, above all things I hate, it is going round asking people to *give*; besides, to be honest, I don't know what C. H. M. S. stands for."

"It must be one of the six societies that Mr. Wadleigh spoke of Sunday"—said Esther. "You know he said a new plan had been adopted this year, and committees would be appointed to solicit for the different societies at specified times."

"And I remember," chimed in another, "that he said the gifts to Missions were too small for the wealth of the church, and it was hoped that a house to house soliciting would bring better results."

"Since 'misery loves company'—I'll confess that Mr. Wadleigh sent me one of those dubious notifications," said Bertha. "I do know that C. H. M. S. stands for Congregational Home Missionary Society, but I don't

know much more." This opened a spirited discussion, and it was plain that collecting was a very unpopular thing and Missions a bore.

"It seems strange," said Ruth, "that Missions interest anybody very much, they are so entirely about people one would never expect to see or know,—but there is Aunt Sophie,—she gets so absorbed in reading the Missionary Magazines that I believe I could tell her the most interesting news and she wouldn't hear it at all. I used to think that Missions interested only elderly people, but she is young and popular."

"Another thing about it," said Celia, "is that I have no *time* for it; if I attend to half the social things I'm planning for, there won't be time to hunt around here and there for a dollar for Missions. But when Mother hears about it, I am afraid she will insist on my doing this, and giving up some of the things I care so much for." "Oh dear,"—she added, "I don't see how I can ask anybody to give to a society I know so little about."

It was quiet Mary Morrison who was roused to combat their acknowledged leader.

"Ignorance does not excuse any of us," she said warmly, "and there is no more reason for our not understanding what *Home Missions* means than there is for our not understanding what the church bell rings for on Sunday morning! According to Mother, Missions are a great deal more important to the church than the bell is, and ought to speak as loudly to our hearts as that does to our ears. Don't you see that by appointing you they did you the credit of supposing you were as intelligent on Missions as you are on other things?" She had said more than she meant to, but several who had been silent looked their ap-

proval.

"I have a plan," said Ruth Edgerly, "Why not all go home by my house, and ask Aunt Sophie, who is one of the Missionary Committee, if she won't get some one else—and I almost know she will." They went joyfully;—but it was not so easy to state their trouble as they had thought, for she was an enthusiast on Missions and they were rather ashamed of their errand.

Ruth announced to her Aunt Sophie that Celia and Bertha had a special errand to her. She suspected the reason, but waited for them to open the subject.

Time slipped delightfully away, for Miss Maxwell knew how to entertain young people. She told them many incidents and bits of real life, and they could have listened the rest of the afternoon if Ruth had not asked Celia if she had changed her mind or forgotten her errand. Neither Celia nor Bertha could find words, and their tell-tale blushes made Miss Maxwell say quickly, "We have not spoken of a special errand. What is it?" No one spoke, and Esther came to their relief. "It seems to us," she said, "as if the Missionary Committee had made some mistake; for both Celia and Bertha are so busy with other things that we all came to see if you could not excuse them."

The girls looked distinctly grateful. "Why!" said Miss Maxwell, "we thought of you as having more freedom of time than most of our young people." "Are you quite sure we made a mistake?"

"I don't know," said Celia apologetically, "but we *could find time* to do it if that was all, but there's another thing harder than that, *we don't like to collect*, and Missions aren't very popular." "It is so disagreeable to ask people to *give* us something!" "Wouldn't it be all right to just send out a card to those we were to see, asking them to leave their contributions at our homes?"

Among the girls this suggestion

was popular; but Miss Maxwell's face showed surprise and amusement. "I remember when some, I think, *all* of you, have been here collecting—once, it was for food for a fagot party—once for quaint costumes for a ball, and once for fine old china for a Boston Tea Party! and more than once for money to carry out some cherished plans of your own; but I cannot recall our ever receiving cards as you suggest. You have always done it very cheerfully, and your experience made us think you especially well fitted for the work."

"I am afraid, girls, that it is not the *collecting* you dislike, but the *object to collect for*."

"We never meant to let you know that was the real reason, but it is," said Celia in embarrassment. "Missions seem so unpopular! and when the notice came yesterday, I actually didn't know what the capital letters stood for."

"You are right," said Miss Maxwell with a comprehending smile. "It would be adopting a disastrous policy to have for our Missionary Collectors those who are not interested in the cause, and disinclined to that particular kind of work." With this she turned the subject and the girls supposing she had yielded to their wishes, felt relieved.

Soon they were absorbed in looking at curios and listening to stories connected with them, and so deftly did she capture the opportunity before her that the incidents belonging to Missionary life which she told so graphically seemed a marvelous unfolding of her own pathetic touch with life. They cried over the story of brave Tiria, and declared vehemently that never again would they shop in the last days before Christmas, when they heard of the lad who helped on a delivery wagon, and being too tired the last night to go home, froze to death on the seat of the wagon in its shed!

Where do you find such wonderful experiences, and how do you know where to look for them?" they asked,

very much shocked.

"Isn't there something I can do for Tiria?" asked Celia with tearful eyes. "I want to help her right away."

"Does she interest you so much?" asked Miss Maxwell.

"Interest us?" chorused the girls. "We never heard such interesting things in all our lives." "The things we hear about or read about in the papers are so commonplace beside the things you know and see."

Mary Morrison said what they all felt when she added, "It is living a life that's worth while to be in the heart of things the way Missionaries are."

"I want to take back my 'errand' and ask you to forget it," said Celia eagerly, "for I would rather help get money for Missions and have a part in their work than do any other thing I know of."

Miss Maxwell saw the faces made bright by awakened hearts, and said

earnestly, "Girls! I think Missions should be 'the most popular thing in town.'" "And we'll help to make them so," was the quick response rich in promise.

These are only glimpses of Missionary life," said Miss Maxwell gently. "Our Foreign Missionaries found Tiria in Micronesia, and the boy is one of the pathetic things that came into the life of one of our Home Missionaries, while the story of the Mountain Sunday School is a bit from the experiences of an American Missionary, and yet 'the half has never been told.'"

It was Celia who spoke first. "I said I wasn't interested in Missions, but I am now, and the fault has been mine of not knowing before what they really are."

"They are *splendid!*" said Bertha, "and I wonder I ever thought they weren't."

Money-Raising and Educational Missionary Campaigns

BY JOSEPH E. McAFEE,

Associate Secretary Presbyterian Board of Home Missions

THERE are two ways of getting money out of people: sand-bagging, and the other way. The fable of the contest between the wind and the sun is fresh in the memory.

There are two ways of inducing people to buy goods. One is the way of the traditional book-agent who succeeds in coming off with the money, but who leaves the customer gnashing his teeth in the chagrin of having been taken in once more. The other way is to set up store and pass over the counter goods which people really want and are glad to pay their money for. There are two ways of exploiting a field. One is to plunge in and smash through, seizing everything within reach, sweeping the ground clean. The other way is to step with more care, plucking only the ripe fruit

and leaving the immature for a later picking. Each method has its recommendations. The former is more properly effectual, is at least more summary; it brings the results and does not keep one waiting. The other is far less summary, but many consider it in the long run more effectual.

There is, first, the campaign properly so-called. It consists of concerted and simultaneous arousments in a given centre or group of centres of missionary interest. For instance, one of our missionary Boards will marshall much of its best force (say) in the city of Cleveland for three days, or a week, or two weeks. During the given period, every church of that denomination will hear of little or nothing from morning till night and late into the night, except missions. There

will be meetings of men and meetings of women and meetings of children, there will be conferences of leaders, and then mass meetings of everybody. To make such campaigning successful there must be a good representation of speakers who have a thrilling story to tell, sky-pilots (say) from mining and lumber camps, men and women who are the living embodiment of the romance of missions. For there is a great deal of romance in missions, genuine and heart-touching romance, as well as the pseudo-article which is occasionally thrust in with bad effect. There is enough genuine romance to meet the full demand without the manufacture of the false article. Then, any well-conducted campaign nowadays aiming to be comprehensive includes at least the flashing of the great array of modern literature of missions before the attention of the people. Group conferences and question boxes give each inquirer a chance. There is no limit to the intensity which may develop in a campaign. And there is no limit to the variety of method to be employed in gaining that intensity. Campaigns ought to go with a whoop; they are gotten up for whooping purposes. All the well-known arts of advertisement must be restorted to, or better still, those which are not well-known. We have borrowed the word campaign for our use more directly I suppose from the field of politics, though perhaps it comes originally from further back, from the military. With us the aim is analogous to that of the politician in his campaign. He wishes to create and arouse public sentiment. That is what we are after: we wish to arouse public sentiment for missions. The aim is to make people stop and think, to come out and listen, to be moved deeply, as deep, if it can be contrived, as their pockets.

But does not this cheapen the enterprise of missions? Yes, it does; in the estimation of some people, just as campaign politics are cheapened in the estimation of some citizens, just as some forms of modern evangelism



J. E. MCAFEE

cheapen religion in the estimation of some. Just how far missionary campaigns ought to be carried by campaign methods is the open question, and always will be the open question, I suppose. It is possible to cheapen our cause to the limit of disgusting all sane and serious-minded people, and on the other hand, it is possible to run a campaign so pokily that it would far better not be run at all. In any event, campaigns are meaningless, and worse, if they are not made to go; they ought to fill the air with missions. They are meant to heat things up red hot.

In the second place, another method of general campaign nature now of very broad acceptance, is that of inducing individual churches, and organizations in churches, and individual persons, to focalize their missionary interest in the support of particular persons or institutions on the mission fields. Each up-to-date church must have its missionary pastor or several of them. And the churches and people have taken to the plan with im-

mense enthusiasm. They feel as a correspondent expressed it to me the other day, "We want flesh and blood; give us some man or woman we can call our own." The pastor of the church to which I am to go next Sunday writes, "Come prepared to offer us a man or a woman for ourselves. That will give the cause a big lift among us." A good woman I was talking with the other day after coming to the relief of a particular sufferer, remarked with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "My, how much nicer that is than supporting a cause." That is the way a lot of people feel. They announce themselves tired of hearing of causes, and they spring with great heartiness to the relief of specific need and to hold up the hands of a particular worker, whom they know by name, from whom they can receive letters, though they may not always have the pleasure of meeting face to face. The method has developed a very remarkable vigor. It has increased the benefactions of some congregations hundreds percent.

And, third, there is the method of campaigning which keeps everlastingly at it. It is the method of the only really successful political propaganda nowadays. The method is not likely to be flamboyant; it cannot well afford to be. You cannot burn up all the fuel there is and do it all the time. In the long run you will get more heat by keeping the fire going steadily, at any rate the heat will stay more nearly where you want it and will keep the wheels of the engine moving more satisfactorily.

But to conclude—Every method will founder upon this one rock: upon this cragged, jagged headland, any one of our ships, however brilliantly bedecked, however stanchly hulled, however elaborately rigged, however fair be the skies under which it may be launched; upon this rock the best of them will split wide-open and sink to the bottom; this—an *unconverted*

pastor. I mean of course a pastor unconverted to the missionary enterprise. Some pastors are converted in the conventional sense of the term, and yet are unregenerate where the missionary enterprise is involved. The blocking capacity of the pastor is one of the marvels of our age. That one man should bulk so large would be beyond belief if it were not so apparent. There are amazingly few missionary churches not headed up by missionary pastors. Such combinations do not long remain combined. Either the pastor goes or the missionary interest does. I am not suggesting that the fact should be lamented. The condition is perhaps not our business. The condition is rather to be taken advantage of. And the missionary enterprise must be set forth in such fashion that a pastor who does his whole duty by his whole church and all its enterprises can, in all wholesomeness and sanity, be the guiding force in the enterprise of missions. Missions is the enterprise of the Church of Christ to-day. But the church is the agent of the enterprise. If the enterprise is properly conducted it will contribute directly to the life of the church. That must not be held simply as a theory, but it must be demonstrated as a fact, as it can be readily. The surest way to push pastors and congregations is the persistent, everlastingly tactful, irrepressively buovent, determinedly compelling, divinely sanctioned line upon line of the true educational method.

This is the age of conventions. We are not losing confidence in them, but are rather multiplying them and controlling them with finer effect. But all methods are only demonstrating the more clearly that the key to the situation in the missionary campaign business lies in reaching the individual church member in his home where he lives, and reaching him all the time. Only then will it be profitable to get him into conventions some of the time.

Appointments and Receipts

APPOINTMENTS

April, 1907.

Not in Commission last year.

Anderson, Frank J., Missoula Mont.
Bevan, Noah, Frostburg, Md.
Blackbourn, C. G., Myers Falls, Wash.
Dazey, J. C., West Guthrie, Okla.
Deiss, Harry J., Fountain Springs, Pa.
Fletcher, William, Milaca, Minn.
Haggquist, Frank G., Cannon Falls, Minn.
Jones, John B., Sharon, Pa.
Mason, John R., Shipshewana, Ind.
Olson, Anton, Ekdall and Grantsburg, Wis.
Pinkerton, H. M., Grand Marais, Minn.
Pitzer, Harland H., Indianapolis, Ind.
Scoggin, A. T., Cedartown, Ga.
Shelland, J. C., D. D., Hopkins, Minn.
Sibson, John J., Charleston, Pa.
Streeter, Clayton M., Buena Vista, Colo.
Teel, W. A. M., Washuena, Wash.
Williams, William T., Shamokin, Pa.

Recommissioned.

Bartholomew, Noyes O., Denver, Colo.
Bekeschus, Edward, Garden City, Kan.
Berry, John E., Brainerd, Minn.
Bird, Martin R., Julesburg, Colo.
Blanchard, John L., Denver, Colo.
Bobb, Joseph C., Fountain, Colo.
Bodine, J. E., Hastings, Okla.
Bormose, N. N., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bowron, Joseph, Steilacoom, Wash.
Champlin, O. P., Tolna, No. Dak.
Crawford, Otis D., Fairmount, Ind.
Cunningham, Robert A., South Bend, Wash.
Curtis, Norman R., Pueblo, Colo.
Fletcher, John, Burke, Idaho.
Gasque, Wallace, Atlanta, Ga.
Haecker, M. C., Chickasha, Ind. Ter.
Herrick, E. P., Matanzas, Cuba.
Hodges, William R., Kremmling, Colo.
Holloway, J. W., Newark, N. J.
Hullinger, Frank W., Colorado City, Colo.
Hyatt, Albert R., Okarche, Okla.
Jones, W. C., Pittsburg, Pa.
Kaitschuck, E. B., Brooklyn and Glendale, N. Y.
Kendall, R. R., Sanford, Fla.
Kershaw, John, Braddock, Pa.
Locke, Robert L., Binger, Okla.
Loud, Oliver B., Lawton, Okla.
McKay, Charles G., Atlanta, Ga.
Palm, William S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Patterson, George L., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Peyton, Frank, Pond Creek, Okla.
Richards, William J., Egg Harbor, N. J.
Salvado, J. Fortunv, Guanajay, Cuba.
Shafer, Theodore, Trinidad, Colo.
Singleton, J. H., Springdale, Wash.
Skeels, Henry M., Denver, Colo.
Someillan, H. B., Guanabacoa, Cuba.
Thomas, Owen, South Sharon, Pa.
Todd, G. L., Havana, Cuba.

RECEIPTS

April, 1907.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—\$14,529.45; of which legacies, \$13,739.72.

W. H. Miss. Soc., A. B. Cross, Treas., 758.17; Amherst, Estate of Mrs. Elizabeth S. White, 13,264.72; Durham, Estate of T. H. Wiswall, 475; Pittsfield, 17.60; Temple, Willing Workers Band, 5; West Lebanon, 8.96.

VERMONT—\$2,810.02; of which legacy, \$2,775.52.

Castleton, 9; East Hardwick, 13.50; Vermont, C., 2; West Brattleboro, Rev. L. M. Keneston, 10; White River Junction, Estate of R. C. A. Latham, 2,775.52.

MASSACHUSETTS—\$4,712.14; of which legacies, \$4,270.28.

Braintree, Miss A. T. Belcher, 15; Two Friends, 3; Dorchester, 2nd, 51.19; Interlaken, 2.99; Leominster, F. A. Whitney, 15; Ludlow, Mrs. W. M. Ayers, .50; Mattapoisett, 18; Mitineague, 28; Northampton, Estate of W. H. Harris, 50; "M. C.," 20; North Brookfield, Estate of W. H. Howc, 87.78; Rehoboth, 10; Salem, Tab., 21.44; South Boston, Phillips, 5; South Deerfield, 24.73; South Hadley Falls, "G.," 50; Springfield, Faith Miss. Circle, 5; South, 85.95; Tewksbury, 10; Watertown, Estate of Edward D. Kimball, 3,562.50; West Somerville, 26.06; Williamsburg, Estate of Charles D. Waite, 500; Williamstown, Estate of Mary E. Woodbridge, 70; Worcester, Union, 25; C. E. Hunt, 25.

CONNECTICUT—\$3,178.50; of which legacy, \$50.

Bridgeport, 2nd, 231.36; Canaan, Pilgrim S. S., 20; Colchester, Mrs. M. T. Linsley, .50; Connecticut, A Friend, 100; Derby, 2nd, 10.48; Groton, S. S., 6; Litchfield, Estate of Earl Johnson, 50; Milford, 1st, 30.06; Plymouth, 26.84;

New Haven, Center, Special, 2,042.46; Church of Christ, Yale University, 190; Miss S. L. Stone, 10; Northfield, 3.85; Norwich, Park, Miss M. P. Huntington, 20; Salisbury, 37.73; Somerville, 14; Terryville, 161.22.

Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. C. S. Thayer Treas., 120; Hartford, South Sew. Soc., 10; Meriden, 1st, Ladies' Soc., 10; Winsted, 2nd, Aux., 75. Total, \$215.

NEW YORK—\$1,310.10.

Brooklyn, Plymouth, 323.60; Puritan Ch., Woman's Guild, 4.30; "S. E. H.," 5; Burns Mills, Burrville, 4; Franklin, 47.53; Hamilton, 13; New York City, Camp Memorial S. S., 10; K., 125; Northfield, 6.25; Phoenix, S. S., 5; Port Leyden, 1st, 14.50; Riverhead, 2nd Ave., 42.62; Spencerport, 1st, 4.

Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. J. J. Pearsall, Treas. Binghamton, 1st, 50; Brooklyn, Tompkins Ave., L. A. S., 33; Ch. of the Pilgrims, 75; Central Ch., Zenana Band, 250; Buffalo, Pilgrim, L. A. S., 10; Canandaigua, 48.30; Flushing, H. M. S., Special, 25; S. S., Special, 6.75; Moravia, Mrs. W. C. Tuthill, 80; New York City, Broadway Tab., W. Soc., 29; Poughkeepsie, 25; Rutland, W. A., 7.70; Ch., 11.55; Sherburne, 50; Syracuse, Good Will, 13. Total, \$714.30.

NEW JERSEY—\$81.48.

East Orange, Mrs. J. A. Hulshammer, 10; Perth Amboy, Swedish, 5; Plainfield, 66.48.

PENNSYLVANIA—\$188.29; of which legacy, \$25.

Darlington, Miss R. Davis, 5; Kane, 1st, 120; LeRayville, 7; Pittsburgh, Estate of Ellen P. Jones, 25; Philadelphia, Central, 16.29; Rev. E. F. Fales, 5; Ulysses, Mrs. A. L. Crum, 70.

DELAWARE—\$10.

Wilmington, E. Spruance, 10.

VIRGINIA—\$7.55.

Herndon, 7.55.

NORTH CAROLINA—\$18.

Tryon, Church of Christ, 18.

GEORGIA—\$7.25.

Atlanta, Central, 6; North Highland, .25; Seville, Williford and Kramer, Asbury Chapel, 1.

ALABAMA—\$21.05.

Talladega, 18.05; Talladega College, Little Helpers, 3.

FLORIDA—\$31.36.

Lake Helen, 1st, 31.36.

TEXAS—\$1.75.

Pruitt, 1.75.

OKLAHOMA—\$16.05.

Binger, 2.05; Hennessey, 14.

NEW MEXICO—\$23.

Cubero, 20; Seboyeta, 3.

OHIO—\$414.68.

Oberlin, 1st, S. S., 14.68; Mrs. P. L. Alcott, 400.

INDIANA—\$17.53.

Bremen, 12.50; Fairmount, .53; Shippshewana, 4.50.

ILLINOIS—\$102.12.

Illinois Home Miss. Soc., by Rev. R. B. Guild, 102.12.

MISSOURI—\$510.08.

Eldon, 22.16; St. Joseph, 5; St. Louis, Olive Branch, 7.50; Springfield, German, 14.15. Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. A. D. Rider, Treas. Aurora, 4; Bevier, 1; Cameron, 6; Carthage, 7.50; Eldon, 5; Kansas City, Beacon Hill W. U., 2; 1st, C. E., 5; Brooklyn Ave., Branch, 20; McGee St., Branch, 72.81; Ivanhoe, 3; Prospect Ave., 2; Roanoke, .50; S. W. Tabernacle, 5; Westminster, 30; Kidder, 5; Maplewood, 9; Neosho, 6; New Cambria, 2; Old Orchard, 2; Pierce City, 2; St. Joseph, 12; St. Louis, Compton Hill, 1; 1st Sen. L. M. S., 40; Fountain Park W. A., 20.45; Hyde Park, 6; Memorial, 3; Olive Branch, 1; Pilgrim, L. M. S., Sen. Dept., 75.72; Jr., 21.30; Sedalia, 2nd, 2; Springfield, 1st, 22; Pilgrim, 1.10; Webster Groves, 61.29; Willow Springs, 2.10; Windsor, 2.50. Total, \$461.27.

MICHIGAN—\$14.44.

St. Clair, S. S., 14.44.

WISCONSIN—\$29.73.

Wisconsin Home Miss Soc., by Rev. H. W. Carter, 18.98; Ogdensburg, Bethany, Scand. Free Evang., 2.75; South Milwaukee, German, 5; Woods Lake and Doctors Lake, Swedes, 3.

IOWA—\$15.80.

Des Moines, Pilgrim, 15.80.

MINNESOTA—\$1,137.60.

Received by Rev. G. R. Merrill, 50.08; Ada, 25; Faribault, 118.77; Glencoe, 19.86; Mankato, 10; Minneapolis, Park Ave., 113; Pilgrim, 39.40; Plymouth, 100; Rochester, 5; C. E., 25; St. Clair, Circuit, 4.50; St. Paul, Peoples, 20; Winona, 1st, Special, 100. Total, 630.61. Crookston, 1st, 13.37; Fertile, 23.50; Granada, 25; Granite Falls, Union, 7; Groveland, 3.10; Lake City, 1st, 31.47; McIntosh, Erskine and Mentor, 2.50; New York Mills, 1.50; Nymore, 1st, 3.60.

Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. W. M. Bristoll, Treas. Ada, 5; Austin, 14.35; Benson, 5; S. S., 1; Big Lake, 4; Cannon Falls, 2.50; Elk River, 3; Faribault Aux., 20; Hawley, 1; Mantoville, 7.50; Marshall, 10; Mazeppa, Aux., 2.50; Minneapolis, 1st, Aux., 25; Plymouth, 50; Park Ave., 39.97; C. E., 20; Como Ave., Aux., 25; Robbinsville, Aux., 5; Lowry Hill, Aux., 5; Morris-town, Aux., 2.50; New Ulm, Aux., 1.65; North-

field, Aux., 30; Paynesville, C. E., .62; S. S., 1.36; St. Paul, Park, Aux., 38; Waseca, Aux., 10; Winona, Aux., 55; Waterville, Aux., 2; Zumbrota, Aux., 9. Total, \$395.95.

KANSAS—\$216.28.

Kan. Home Miss. Soc., by H. C. Bowman, Treas., 206.28; Thayer, Carl Hess, 10.

NEBRASKA—\$21.78.

Lincoln, German Salems, 6; Naper, Christ's, German, 4; Olive Branch, German, 5.68; Princeton, German, 6.10.

NORTH DAKOTA—\$117.53.

Antelope, 5.65; Beach, 3; Buchanan, 9.85; Cleveland, Wirt Mem., 2.05; Colfax, 1.19; Dickinson, 1st, 7.25; Dwight, 7; Elbowoods, 8; Fargo, 1st, 7; Ft. Berthold, 2; Mooreton, 2.37. Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. E. H. Stickney, Treas. Fargo, 1st, Ladies' Miss. Soc., 24.67; Garrison, 2.50; Glen Ullin, 10; Wahpeton, 25. Total, \$62.17.

SOUTH DAKOTA—\$268.48.

Received by Rev. W. H. Thrall. Mission Hill, 12.58; Perkins, 5; Watertown, 50; C. E., 10; S. S., 4.15. Total, 81.73.

Custer, 11; Ipswich, Rosette Park, 5; Letcher and Loomis, 20.75.

Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. A. Loomis, Treas., 150.

COLORADO—\$48.35.

Received by Rev. H. Sanderson. Denver, 2nd, 5; 3rd, 3.75; Highland Lake, 9; Rye, 4.50. Total, \$22.25.

Collbran, 15; Greeley, German, 10; Highland Lake, 2; Wellington, 7.25.

Less error in August, 1906, Windsor.... \$56.50
German 8.15

\$48.35

MONTANA—\$27.

Received by Rev. W. S. Bell. Plains, 27.

IDAHO—\$111.14.

Boise, 1st, 29.22; Council, 50; Pearl, 3; Priest River, 1st, 10.

Woman's Miss. Union, by Mrs. G. W. Derr, Treasurer. Mountain Home, Aux., 8.92; Pocatello, Aux., 10. Total, \$18.92.

OREGON—\$44.

Ashland, 7.50; Ione, 5; Lexington, 5.50; Rainier, Crystal, 3; Willard, 3.

Woman's H. M. Union, Mrs. C. F. Clapp, Treas. Portland, 1st, 20.

WASHINGTON—\$246.99.

Received by Rev. H. B. Headley, Treas. Bellingham, 1st, 2; Dayton, 1st, S. S., 13; Port Gamble, C. E., 2; Spokane, Plymouth, 13.75; St. John, C. E., 12; Specials, 143.24. Total, \$185.99.

Anglin, 6; Kirkland, 1st, 24; Lakeside and Chelan, 5.50; Loon Lake, 4.40; Seattle, 1st, German, 7; Springdale, 4.75; 1st, 3; Tacoma, Alki, .35; Trent, 6.

ALASKA—\$5.25.

Valdez, 5.25.

April Receipts.

Contributions	\$9,443.25
Legacies	20,860.52
	\$30,303.77
Interest	32.62
Home Missionary.....	113.65
Literature	20.48
Total.....	\$30,470.52

MASSACHUSETTS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.Rev. Joshua Coit, Treasurer. Boston.
Arlington, Park Ave., 30; Belmont, Plymouth,

21.32; Boston, S. P. Cook, 15; Boylston, 46.33; South, Phillips, S. S., 14.17; Dorchester, Romney, 6.30; Boxboro, 10; Boylston, West, 14.42; Brackett Fund, Income of, 80; Bradford, Mrs. L. H. Kendall, 5; Braintree, 1st, L. H. M. S., 4; Brockton, Campello, So., 26; Buckland, E. S., 5; Cambridge, Pilgrim, 8.19; Concord, Trinity, 27.05; Dover, 11.30; Everett, 1st, 26.62; Fall River, Central, 47; Fitchburg, Finn, 8.05; Framingham, So. Grace, 51.45; Plymouth, 75.88; General Fund, Income of 296; Greenfield, 2nd, 39.65; Great Barrington, Housatonic, 39.59; Groton, Union, 22.91; Miss E. P. Shumway, 100; Hale Fund, Income of, 30; Lawrence, Estate Gilbert E. Hood, 677.37; Longmeadow, 1st Benev. Ass., 7.05; Lowell, French, 25; Mansfield, Mendon Con., 10; Maynard, Finn, 1.50; Medford, 10, Medway, West, C. A. Adams, 5; Millis, 22.50; Milton, 1st, S. S., 3.29; Newbury, 1st, 25.91; Newton, Eliot, 264.49; S. S., 25; 1st, 73.60; No. Attleboro, Trinity, 10.01; Northbridge, E. C. Day Band, 13.17; Ocllicic, West Africa, 5; Orange, Central, 22.74; Pepperell, 27.05; Pittsfield, 2nd, 6; Quincy, Finn, 3.90; Reed Fund, Income of, 84; Salem, Crombie St., 45; Springfield, Hope, 120.68; Olivet, 20; Southboro, 11.51; Southville, 6; South Hadley, Center, 16.54; Stoneham, 23.50; Sutton, 7.92; Wall Fund, Income of, 48; Waltham, 1st, 5; Estate Daniel French, 507.17; Wareham, 9.45; Ware, East, 215.77; Watertown, Phillips, 101.85; Wellesley, 155.69; Hills, 38; Westboro, Estate Harriet S. Cady, 5.500; West Springfield, 1st, 18; Weymouth, So., Old So., 5; So. Union, 20.74; Whitcomb Fund, Income of, 64; Whittin Fund, Income of, 250; Whiting Fund, Income of, 25; for Annuity, 1,000; Whittman, 63.48; Williamsburg, Haydenville, 6.86; Williamstown, 1st, 190; Worcester, Finn, 5.45; Old So., S. S., 23.93; Piedmont, 2; Plymouth, Worcester, 57.53; Designated for Easter School at Andover, W. C. for Annuity, 1,000; Framingham, So. Grace, 15; Greenfield, 2nd, S. S., 15; Ware, Lewis N. Gilbert, 15; Winchester, S. J. Elder, 15; Designated for Italian work Winchester 1st, Mission Union, 10; Designated for Finnish Students, Middleboro, 1st, 25; Designated for Rev. Mr. Long, Nogales, Ariz., 65.50; West Newbury, for J. D. Kingsbury, 15; Designated for C. H. M. S., Newcastle, N. H., 4; East Providence, J. A. Moore, M. D., 5;

SUMMARY.

Regular	\$11,947.88
Designated for Easter School at Andover	60.00
Designated for Italian work.....	10.00
Designated for Finnish Students.....	25.00
Designated for C. H. M. S.....	89.50
Home Missionary.....	4.30

Total.....\$12,136.68

NEW YORK HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts in April, 1907.

Clayton S. Fitch, Treasurer.

Brooklyn, German, 5; Willoughby Ave. Chapel, 11.48; Buffalo, Plymouth, 7; Clayville, Ch. & S. S., 15; Elmira, St. Luke's Ch., 9.60; Gloversville, 188.56; Little Valley, 41; Lockport, Rev. G. A. Brock, 10; Napoli, 5.42; Norfolk, 4.25; Plainfield Center, J. M. B., 5; Rodman, 10; Savannah, 9.70. Total, \$322.01.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF CONNECTICUT.

Receipts in April, 1907.

Ward W. Jacobs, Treasurer, Hartford.

Abington, 8; Ansonia, German, 5; Bridgeport, 2nd, 86.76; Bristol, 1st, 18.26; Brookfield Center, 45.60; East Hampton, 1st Charles W. Bevin, Personal, 6; East Hartford, South 10; East Hartland, 10; Easton, 10; Ellington, S. S., 25; Hartford, 1st, 145.26; Park, 52.88; Lisbon, 10.50; Litchfield, 1st, 32.12; Marlborough, 10; Meriden, 1st, 500; New Haven, Redeemer, for Italian work, 25; Northfield, 3.86; Plantsville, 54.35; Riverton, 12; Stamford and Greenwich, Swedish, 5.50; Terryville, 78.78; Waterbury, Bunker Hill, 5;

West Avon, 3.29; West Hartland, 10; West Haven, 1st, 18.80; Woodbury, 1st, 26.43; W. C. H. M. U. of Conn, Mrs. George Follett, Secretary, Berlin Aid Society, H. M. U., Special, 35; Plantsville, L. A. S., Special, 10; Meriden, 1st, Cheerful Givers, Special, 30. Total, \$1,293.39.

OHIO HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts in April, 1907.

Rev. C. H. Small, Treasurer.

Ashtabula, Second, 23.07; Barberton, 3.30; Cleveland, Cyril, 5; Hough, S. S., 9.42; Highland, Personal, 2; Immanuel, 12; First, 31.15; Madison Ave., 8.60; Columbus, North, Rev. G. T. Nichols, 5; Cuyahoga Falls, S. S., 10; East Cleveland, 10; Greenwich, 8.33; S. S., 2.60; Mansfield, Mayflower, 15; Rev. LeRoy Royce, 1; Secretary, Pulpit Supply, 20; West Millgrove, 7.90; Youngstown, Plymouth, Jr. C. E., 5. Total, \$179.37.

DONATIONS OF CLOTHING, ETC.,

Reported at the National Office in April, 1907.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Central, Ladies' H. M. and Benev. Soc., seven bbls. and two pkgs., 807.59; Buffalo, N. Y., Ch., 75; Hartford, Conn., 1st, W. H. M. S., bbl., 60.41; South Ch., bbl., 151.25; Farmington Ave., W. H. M. S., boxes, 390.95; Lancaster, N. H., Ladies' Miss. Circle, box, 14.05; Montclair, N. J., 1st, W. H. M. S., two boxes and bbl., 101.23; New Britain, Conn., 1st, W. H. M. S., box 172.35; New Haven, Conn., Dwight Place Ladies' Benev. Soc., four bbls. and pkge., 307.50; Northampton, Mass., 1st, Ch., Dorcas Soc., box, 50; St. Louis, Mo., Pilgrim Ch., W. H. M. Dept. and Pilgrim Circle of King's Daughters, two and one-half bbls., 225.35; Scarsdale, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Soc., bbl., 75; Southport, Conn., Ladies' Miss. Soc., box, Washington, D. C., 1st, three bbls., 136.97; West Hartford, Conn., bbl., 94.81; Winsted, Conn., 1st, Ch., box, 150. Total, \$2,812.46.

Reported at Rooms of the W. H. M. A., Boston, from Jan. 1st, 1907, to May 1st, 1907.

Miss Mary C. E. Jackson, Secretary.

Allston, Aux., box, 59.10; Amherst, 1st Congl. Ch. Circle W. 20th Cen. Club, pkg., 20; Andover, So. Ch. Sew. Dept., 2 bbls., 102.59; Ashby Aux., box, 54.50; Auburndale, Aux. bbl., 188.13; Bedford Aux., bbl., 63.80; Boston, Old South Sewing Circle, 4 bbls., 637.56; Boston, Park St. Aux., bbl., 200; Bradford, H. M. Soc., bbl., 63; Boston, Friend, 100; Bradford, H. M. Soc., bbl., 62; Bristol, R. I., Aux., bbl., 66.30; Brookfield, North, 1st, Ch. W. U., bbl., 49.57; Brookfield, West, Aux., bbl., 60.47; Cambridge, 1st, Ch. Aux., bbl., 95; Dalton, L. S. Soc., 2 bbls., 126.64; Everett, 1st, Ch. Aux., bbl., 42.96; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch. Aux., bbl., 41.80; Florence Aux., bbl., 82.75; Granby Aux., bbl., 62; Groton, L. R. S., 50; Lawrence, Trinity Ch. Young Girls' Soc. Xmas box., 35; Lee B. S. box, 164.26; Leicester Aux., 2 boxes, 127.70; Lowell Eliot Ch. Aux., bbl., 35; Malden, 1st Ch. bbl., 78.82; Melrose Highlands, Aux., bbl., 103.69; Middleboro, Central Ch. Aux., bbl., 60; Newbury, 1st Parish Ch. Aux., bbl., 94.25; Newport, R. I., United Congl. Ch., W. A. box, 155; Newton Centre, 1st, Ch., bbls., 134; Newton, Eliot Ch., bbls., 515; Northfield, Trin. Ch., L. S., bbl., 30; Oxford, Aux., bbl., 50; Pawtucket, R. I., 1st, Ch., box, 200; Pepperell, L. B. S., bbl., 89; Pittsfield, 1st, Ch. Free Will Soc., boxes, 212.91; Providence, R. I., Central Ch. Aux., box, 385.71; Providence, R. I., Union Ch., boxes, 650.25; Salem, Tabernacle Ch. Benev. Soc., 4 bbls and box, 300; Somerville, 1st Orthodox Congl. Ch., Aux., box, 32; Somerville, Winter Hill Ch. Aux., bbl., 76.75; Spencer, Aux., box, 127.56; Sterling, Aux., bbl., 22.90; Watertown, Phillips Ch. Aux., 228.14; Whittman, Aux., 2 bbls., 166.78; Whitinsville, Aux., box, 155.84; Winchester, Mission Union Aux., bbl. & box, 153.25; Worcester, Piedmont Ch. Aux., bbl., 50; Worcester, Pilgrim Ch. Aux., 2 bbls., 80. Total, \$6,747.28.

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Rev. Philip W. Yarrow, Supt.	"	"
Lewis E. Snow, Treasurer	"	"

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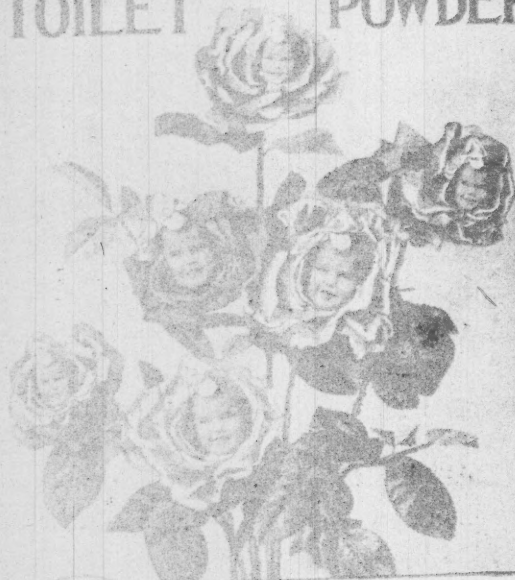
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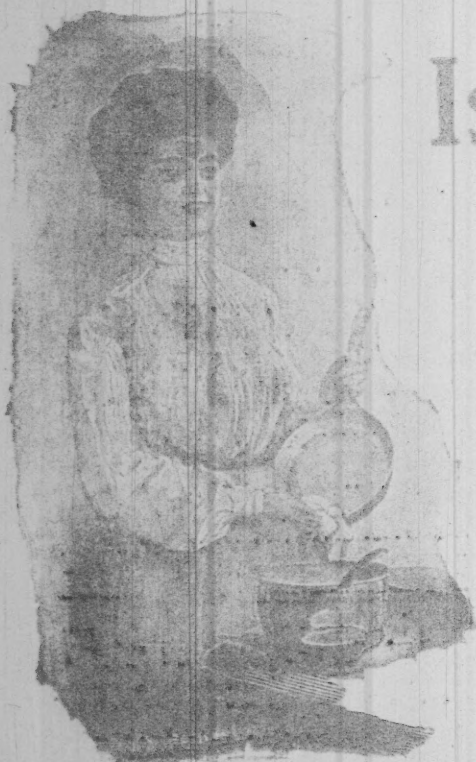
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